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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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Evolution of the Drama.

The great solar luminary, the visible parent and governor of all things mundane, in his apparent course inhabits many mansions in the sky, and in each he shows a different power whether for good or evil. In Capricornus he shines coldly, with a wintry gleam, but yet with promise of the coming Spring. In Taurus he glows fiercely and ripens the fruits of the earth by fervid heat. In Libra he pours forth the broad Autumn sunshine, calm and peaceful, filling the grape and gilding the "corny red embattled in her field." Thus in each phase of his annual (ring-like) course this wondrous source of being and energy typifies the comings and goings of the minor beings who owe life and lustre to his beams.

All things revolve in cycles (*kuklos*, or wheel). "They have their exits and their entrances, and each in his turn plays many parts." Civilizations have arisen, flourished and decayed; religions have been born, have ruled, and faded out, to give place to their successors in the great revolving whirl of the ages. Literature has crept into being by small degrees; has widened out into unusual culture, and has drooped again into senility and nothingness. So, in our especial province, we have seen with our own eyes, and by the reflector. History, the Drama arise from the rude song in honor of the goat, when by the precession of the Equinoxes the year began in that celestial mansion, increase with the ripening time to mythological plays, and by the inevitable sequence of events put on flesh and deal with purely human interests and passions. Afterward, as learning grew more common and the printing press began to take the place of the rostrum, we have seen the lighter side of nature disperse the gloom of the Dark Ages, and comedy reign co-equal on the dramatic throne.

In our own days and in our own country we are witnesses of the evolution of the Drama. We began with the old-time, so-called "legitimate" plays—so-called because that class of pieces were restricted by law in England to the patent theatres. Then the transpontine melodrama—a sort of half-and-half—neither fish nor flesh, which was called melodrama because the action was accompanied and the dialogue interspersed by music, in order to evade the punishment awaiting all who dared to present the "legitimate" on other than the sacred boards of a patent theatre. For many years these two kinds of entertainment, bolstered up by farces and so-called operas, which latter were, in reality, nothing more than plays with songs introduced, held undisputed possession of our stage. Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, The Stranger, The Iron Chest, One O'Clock; or, The Wood Demon, and the like, were the theatrical delights of our fathers. After awhile, chiefly through the instrumentality of a very clever adapter, the French school of drama came into fashion. For awhile we heard of nothing but drawing-room villains in dress-coats and snowy shirt-fronts, or the unspeakably nasty, besotted and bloodthirsty Parisian "chourineur." Consumptive cocottes drew down a rain of tears from women who would have disdained to let the hem of their immaculate skirts brush against one of the frail ones whose unchaste woes melted their hearts dramatically.

After the deluge of gilded prurience came the inevitable reaction. A new style of melodrama, dealing with the criminal classes in the rough, succeeded the gilt-edged villainy of the French school. Bill Sykes took the place of Le Marquis de Coupetête and Dartmoor eclipsed the Bois de Boulogne. Then came a turn of the kaleidoscope. We dropped villainy and took to buffoonery. We came down from the scaffold and mounted the charlatan's platform. Farical comedy came into vogue. The innate love of horse-play of the Anglo-Saxon race gave vitality to a sort of entertainment utterly devoid of real wit or true dramatic construction. Knocking down and dragging out supplanted repartee, and smirk displaced smiling. The piles of pantomimic rubbish were ransacked for stale tricks and mouldy jests, and our stage was turned into an arena.

Now, this latest development gives tokens of weakening. The inevitable dry-rot has begun to sap the flimsy structure of farical comedy, and the shingle palace will soon tumble. What is to take its place? In the immortal myth of nature, birth follows death. The sun's rising is as certain as his setting. "He descended into Hades and on the third day he rose again and ascended into Heaven." The sun of the poetic and intellectual drama is setting in the ocean of farical comedy and lurid melodrama that has swept in a tidal wave over the land,

and he will rise again, like a giant, refreshed by his bath, to shine with a purer ray and a more chastened brilliance. But what form he may take in his new avatar, not even a prophet could tell. Be sure of this, however—that in the strife for existence the fittest will still survive. What is good in the past will remain to us, and the eternal evolution of things will bring new forms to being—forms of grace, beauty and goodness we will hope.

Primary Truths.

There is no more emphatic lesson read to managerial operators at the present time than the renewed and brilliantly successful production of Goldsmith's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. It seems to be the fate of this admirable play to follow over and over again at the heels of nondescript and amorphous melodramas of quasi contemporaneous human interest, which have also been over and over

itself a hundred years ago against managerial slight and rejection and passed its centennial birthday by years. It is now brought to help at a pinch by one of our really classical and legitimate managers, who at heart sympathizes deeply with its beauties and excellence. The final clinch of the incident on which we have dwelt is that if the theatre people err and perversely fall into ditches and sloughs, the public show that they know what they should accept and reject. Finally, it encourages the upper bench of directors of the stage to bear in mind that, although they in the first case pass judgment, there is a court of appellate jurisdiction from which there is no redress—the genuine popular judgment, when once arrived at, as proved in this very case of *The School for Scandal*, is final.

The whole outcome and environment of facts and results encourages good managers to keep close to the best models and allies

"From Pan to Pinaflore," and which Mr. Radcliff illustrates by playing on everything like a flute, from the Pandean pipe to the most improved instrument, and it is quite probable that it will be given in this city Sunday after next. I have had some very good offers to appear in opera here."

Shibboleth.

It has always been the ambition of successful American stars to shine on both sides of the Atlantic ferry—a very natural ambition, too, for why should genius be confined to one land? A good actor in America is, or ought to be, a good actor in Europe, and there are few reasons why the genius that delights us over here should not also charm our comrades over there. Few reasons, but most important reasons, well worthy to be scrupulously weighed and considered before risking a step which may make or mar an artist. First and

the claims of any man in England who should aspire to the station of a gentleman. Early habits and modes of speech are not easy to get rid of, and the man whose native tongue and will have raised him above his fellows will often retain the phrases and pronunciation of his early youth, even though he had imbibed himself with the aid of books to polish himself.

In the actor's art this is a more disadvantageous proclivity than in any other way of life. For an actor's speech is his trade. "He is nothing if not critical," yet how often do we hear him holding high position amidst the dramatic words. Even stars of the first magnitude have their faults observed by the shades of provincial speech. We have heard one who is considered pre-eminently a student actor, say "Maid, in thy prison be all my old clothes burnt," whereas an actor of the same reputation to scholarly reading would never have put the stress upon the second syllable of that word in English. We constantly hear of actors who are pronounced as "first class" here, "second class" in London, and "third class" in New York. There is also a certain rising indication of the voice common to the country, and also among the lower orders in England, that is very objectionable to the ear, and which in London would get the actor no further than the "back of the house." On this point much has been said, and it is not a derogatory statement to say that a sharpness of enunciation—a clearness in which every syllable is a crystal—has never been known to a first-class actor. It is held that an American girl who has the benefit of proper example takes the lead and looks the part of any actress who is not; but the girl who speaks through her nose, and the girl who speaks like a man, and the girl who speaks out of the back of her throat, and generally does not know the beauty at the hinge of all her utterances, the moment she opens her mouth she is "back of the house." Many cannot have a student voice, even though it have been well polished. "Her voice is soft and low—no fault, but it is not a true and holy voice; and she has no power of creating an impression of grandeur." Therefore, let the first care of all who enter the stage and desire to be successful, be to acquire a master "the voice of England." Mary Anderson has done it triumphantly; the face of a phenomenon, whose English she speaks English at her command, and whose woman born within sound of her voice, is a study in itself and a lesson. On the other hand, one of our greatest of the modern stage—probably the greatest actor now on the stage—man has never brilliant success by a provincial pronunciation. The men of the stage are far more likely to succeed in their speech than the women. There is an inflexibility about the people on this subject who get to pick up what they hear around them, and many an untutored Yankee girl has learned to talk irreproachably correctly by taking to a good company; while the well-bred, educated, aristocratic creature—can seldom get over the impaired faults of their early days. Had we a school of acting and elocution as they have in France things might be different. But as it is the speech of our stage is somewhat mixed, and it behooves all who adventure abroad to look to it that their fate be not like that of the man who could not say "Shibboleth."

Our Society.

Here is the cast of Our Society, the new play at the Madison Square: Philip Van Pelt, Herbert Kelcey; Ferdinand C. Tupper, Walden Ramsey; Reginald Roe, W. J. Lemoyne, Socrates Browning, E. M. Holland; Socrates Montgomery, William Davidge; Hon. Eustace Cary, Frank Drew; William Stirling, C. F. Flection; Williams, H. S. Millward; Mrs. Katherine Spencer, Mrs. E. J. Phillips; Sylvia Spencer, Annie Russell; Mrs. Ferdinand C. Tupper, Maude Harrison; Miss Constance Gray, May Robson; Mrs. Van Pelt, Virginia Buchanan; Mrs. Athburton, Lizzie Du Roy; Mrs. Darlington Browne, Marie Greenwald.

Departure of the Original.

On the conclusion of the run of *The Mikado* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Sunday night, the opera will be given in Jersey City and Newark for three nights each, and then in Baltimore for a week. They sail on the *Umbria* on May 8 for Europe, possibly stopping up to the day on which they go aboard the steamer. A trip is contemplated to Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European cities, the organization returning to the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the Fall.



John Radcliff

again rejected by intelligent and authoritative audiences. The reason for this result is, in a sort, a defiance and repudiation of the false policy of the theatres and their factitious methods.

In the first place, the play is the work of a man of genius; no journeyman jobber or busheler for the dramatic slop-shop. Its author had a creative and life-imparting hand. Secondly, it was rejected emphatically and energetically by the managers of the day, and it was only forced into representation by the herculean club of that sturdy old man of common sense and judge of things when they came before him, Dr. Johnson. Whereupon it secured an immediate success and set aside a great deal of sentimental trash and stuff similar in quality to that which has flourished and beset our stage doors.

This ascendancy the comedy has maintained for more than a century. Having vindicated

and turn their backs upon blind guides and will-o'-the-wisps which are constantly beguiling them into swamps and marshes from which it is not always easy to escape with one's life.

Returned from Abroad.

John Radcliff, who holds the title of the world's flute-player, and his wife, the distinguished London opera singer, Madame Pauline Rita, arrived in this city last week after a two years tour abroad. "We have been all through Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand," said Mme. Rita yesterday to a *Mirror* reporter. "In the latter place we stayed nine months. We were entertained by King Kalakaua in Honolulu and came on thence to San Francisco, where we met with overwhelming success. It is our intention while here to give our entertainment, which is called

most important is the question of speech. England, being the mother country from whom we have borrowed our tongue, is jealous on the subject of pronunciation and will not accept the solecisms which are too common with us, even among the educated classes. Over there it is not easy to rise out of the rank wherein one is born, and the difficulty can be surmounted only by sedulous attention and anxious observation and adoption of the speech and manners of those who are above by right of birth. Here in this wide land of ours, comparatively unhampered by caste and quite free from hereditary privilege, the road to success lies open to all. We have seen a tailor, a woodchopper, a canalboat boy rise to the supreme dignity of the State. Every day we meet men in the highest circles of wealth and fashion who began life humbly, and, for that very reason, do we hear, in good society, too, a style of language that would be fatal to

At the Theatres.

Mme. Jodie on Monday appeared in *La Vie Parisienne* at the Star. The representation was one of the most successful of the French company's engagement, as well as the most satisfactory. As Gabrielle, Jodie was of course artistic, and she infused the role with a good deal more life than is her wont, thereby contributing in some degree to our notions of how an opera heroine should comport herself. Heretofore so often plays the salacious old men of the operatic repertoire that it was a novelty to see her in the juvenile garb of the larky Bobinet. Cooper was clever as Gardefen. The chorus sang passably well and several of the minor parts were excellently acted. On Tuesday *La Femme a Papa* was repeated, and for last night (Wednesday) *Divorcés* was set down. Jodie's engagement will be followed next week by *The Jilt*, Mr. Boucicault having decided to return and fill in the open time before Fanny Davenport and Fedora are seen on Easter Monday.

The theatre-goers of New York seem never to weary of *The Rag Baby*. The People's Theatre held a large audience on Monday night, and the house resounded with laughter for three hours. The farce-comedy was never better presented than at the present time. A superior group of fun-makers we seldom see. With each season Frank Daniels' *Old Sport* becomes more of a study. He keeps adding bits of by-play and business until he has rounded out one of the most quaintly comical performances on the American stage. 'Tis a pity the setting is not better. *The Rag Baby* has made Mr. Daniels one of the prominent stars in farce-comedy, and he is likely to be a strong attraction for some seasons to come. Fannie Riley is a very pretty Venus Grout—the prettiest of all the Venuses. Here is an arch performance, and she held the favor of the audience from the first. Her songs were well received. She has a very sweet voice. She is one of the best singing sopranos on the stage. Julian Mitchell acted the part of Tony Jay, the Danish young man, better than any of his predecessors. Mark Sullivan's Irish policeman is still a comical bit of exaggeration. He was also very good as one of the men of straw who sing "Three Little Tramps from Jail"—a very funny burlesque of the *Mikado* song, both in words and action. These talents, including Sullivan, Harry Connor and Edward A. Osgood, furnish a good deal of the fun of the play. Harry Connor deserves more than passing mention. He displays rare versatility in four distinct and widely different characters. Miss Helen Reimer, as usual, remains in the cast. As Miss Pratt, principal of the school, she was very comical, especially where she danced her exit after her vocal effort while slightly under the influence of soda. Her gushing widow, too, is just as breezy as ever. Florence Wales, Clara Lane and Nettie Lyford were a pretty bunch of school-girls. Handoms, the homely bulldog, made his usual bit. Next week, William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry will appear in the romantic drama, *A Midnight Marriage*—their second engagement at this house.

This week—which is the last of the specialty season—Tony Pastor gives us a forecast of what a capital entertainment our country cousins have in store, for he is showing off his new road company at the right little theatre on Fourteenth street. The bill includes the Dars Brothers, whose gymnastic feats are truly wonderful; the Timots, with their ever popular *Illusion Pictures*; the St. Felix Sisters, whose *Three Little Maids* act is decidedly clever; and more Japanese, if anything, than the seminary girls of D'Oyly Carte's company; Harry Morris, the funniest of Dutch dialect comedians; Callan, Haley and Callan, a trio of entertaining performers; John F. Byrnes, the crayon artist, and Miss Holmes, the refined comedienne—these are but a few of the many skillful, diverse and thoroughly entertaining features of the bill, which ends with a comic surprise called *The Dutch Actors*. The organization is finely equipped, and Mr. Pastor is to be congratulated for having gathered together a troupe that will favorably compare with the best that has been identified with his out-of-town operations. Higher praise than this cannot be written.

Daniel Sully's Corner Grocery entertained a good-sized audience at the Comedy Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Sully is a natural actor as well as a droll comedian, and his creation of Daddy Nolan presents a good many meritorious points which we have hitherto referred to. The company supporting him is well-balanced. Master Malvey is very clever as Jimmy, the bad boy, and his pranks produced the usual fund of laughter. Louise Fox, a pretty girl, acts Jennie Burke nicely. The other parts are in good hands.

The Widow Bedott drew a large audience to the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday. Nell Burgess' humorous delineation of the title character provoked abundant laughter. The company dealt competently with their parts, G. W. Stoddart being especially good as the Elder.

Storm-Beaten is having good receipts at the Windsor Theatre, where it engages attention this week. Edmund Collier gives a strong portrayal of the leading character, Christian Christian; Archie Cowper is virile as the villain, Richard; and Lizzie Hudson is sweet and interesting as Priscilla. Charlotte Wayland, Mrs. Octavia Allen, Joseph Winter, L. F. Rand and the other members of the company combine to present Mr. Buchanan's play adequately. Next week, Wallick's Bandit King.

She Stoops to Conquer has, after all, been continued for another week at Wallack's. The revival has been more successful than the management hoped. On Monday next two old pieces are to be brought forward, Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* and *The Captain of the Watch*.

Broken Hearts and Old Love-Letters have served to draw large houses to the Madison Square Theatre, and the bill has proved one of the most enjoyable of the season. On Monday next *Our Society* is to have its first representation.

The Duff company in *The Mikado* is drawing goodly audiences to the Grand Opera House. The performance does not suffer by comparison with any of the craze of the season, and the band so better illustrations. Effie

Ellsler will make her appearance at this establishment next Monday night in *Woman Against Woman*.

The Leather Patch continues to fill Harrigan's Park Theatre with mindful, applauding people. The piece is deserving of the large measure of prosperity it is enjoying.

Adonis is making his farewell bow amid a flourish of trumpets at the Bijou Opera House. There are many who will be sorry to lose the burlesque and Dixey, and some will not be sorry for a change. On Tuesday afternoon a benefit was given to the Home for the Destitute Blind, and the receipts, we are glad to say, were in proportion to the worthiness of the cause. Thursday night the 600th performance takes place. Souvenirs will be given then and also Saturday afternoon and evening. The next attraction at the Bijou is to be Mr. Gill's latest burlesque, *Arcadia*, now running in Boston.

One of Our Girls is approaching the close of its long career at the Lyceum Theatre. The houses are of an average excellence, and their quality is beyond question.

The circus is drawing immense audiences to the Madison Square Garden. Beyond all compare, the exhibition is the largest and best that Barnum has engineered. The hippodrome features this week are exciting and interesting.

The Black Crook shows no abatement in attendance. This brilliant revival of the old spectacle will remain at Niblo's one week longer. W. J. Scanlan succeeds it in *Shades of Law*.

Evangeline will run until the end of the month at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

In order to avoid a conflict with John Steinson, who holds a copyright to the title *Larks*, Mrs. Charles Doremus' play of that name was given the title *Odd-Trick* and produced before a large audience by Lotta at the Grand Opera House on Thursday. The piece has no plot to speak of, but it contains some bright bits of dialogue and several amusing situations. Lotta is delightful in everything she undertakes, and of course she made the most of the part of Laura, and was approved by the spectators for everything she said, sang and did. Laura is a tomboy who is put in boy's jacket and unmentionables by her mamma in order that she shall not offend, by her outlandish pranks, a rich and eccentric uncle, on whom the family base great expectations. Lotta danced and sang very cleverly. Her ballad, "Creep into Bed, my Baby," made a hit at once, and was encored. It is by M. H. Rosenfeld, who has written many popular and successful ditties. P. A. Anderson was very funny as the deaf uncle, Peterhill; Charles Bradshaw made the most of Tom Chucker, an athletic enthusiast, and Elsie Gerome was extremely pretty and attractive as Lili, Laura's flirtatious sister.

The Musical Mirror.

We have now arrived at the close of the most important season in the musical history of our country. There have been epochs before this of great moment, notably the establishment of the Philharmonic Society, under H. C. Timm, George Loder, A. Reiff, Sr., U. C. Hill, Carl Bergmann and other musical worthies now mostly passed away; the inception of Italian opera by Pablo Garcia and De Bagnis; its reformation under Max Maretzek; the founding of the Thomas Orchestra and the Great Boston Jubilee, originated and carried out by Gilmore. But not one nor all of these undertakings can be compared, in real importance as regards the true building up of thorough and popular musical culture, with the herculean task so successfully achieved by the American Opera company in the establishment on a sound, solid basis of truly national approval of opera sung in our native tongue, and, as far as possible, by native vocalists. We have remarked before, and we are proud to repeat it now, that not in any country of the world, save ours, could such a vast undertaking have been carried out without State aid. In no other land could there have been found private individuals ready and willing to make themselves responsible for the great risks and probable losses that always attend operatic ventures, and musical America owes a debt of gratitude, that can never be liquidated, to Mrs. Thurber, Mrs. Belmont, Mr. Carnegie and their worthy associates in this laudable effort. Nor should the names of Theodore Thomas and Charles E. Locke be forgotten, for to their masterly management, severe taste and untiring energy must the practical success of the whole gigantic scheme be largely credited. We have had our opera season without a hitch or disappointment; performances unequalled in their entirety; choral and orchestral music such as was never heard before; scenic effect unsurpassed even in the great subventioned houses of the world's capitals, and encouragement kindly and firmly given to singers and dancers, who might, without it, have "blushed unseen and wasted their fragrance on the desert air." The performances of our National Opera, for so we love to call it, have steadily advanced in merit, each opera being an improvement on its predecessor, and the production of Gluck's great work, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, crowning the whole. We bid a short good-bye now to our National Opera, with all good wishes for its triumph elsewhere, and eager welcome when it comes back to us. "Non è addio, ma a rivederci!"

The Gypsy Baron is still in full tide of success at the Casino. A most elaborate performance, ripened by use and care and all the aids that lavish expenditure can command, have made an intrinsically weak piece attractive. Folk do not so much go to see Strauss' Gypsy Baron as to enjoy the gorgeous spectacle, the excellent band, and the thoroughly good stage-setting, that strikes the spectator with a pleasing surprise. On Saturday last the part of the gypsy noble was taken by Harry Pepper, on account of the illness of William Castle, and he gave a thorough interpretation of the part, aided therein by the freshness and sonority of his voice. Pepper is one of our best tenor singers, and we shall always be glad to see him in the part.

At the Union Square Theatre *Pepita* is drawing full houses every night. The composer, Edward Solomon, while he has wisely

bowed to the popular taste and spiced his score with not a few catchy tinkles, nevertheless has given us a solid substratum of really good music, quite enough to cause *Pepita* to rank among the very best comic operas, such as *Patience*, *The Pirates* and *Billie Taylor*. The part writing of this clever composer is of a very high class; even in the simplest movements a flowing counterpoint is kept up, and never do we hear those trivial unmusical skips so common and so distasteful to cultivated ears in the ordinary run of comic opera. Solomon's progressions are as classically correct as if he were writing a four-voiced fugue or a strict canon, and that is the real charm of his music.

The *Mikado* will soon quit the capital and go across the sea to "fresh fields and pastures new," carrying with him the regrets of all lovers of good music, clever dialogue and first-rate performance. It is rare indeed to enjoy so great a treat as is this bright, tripping operetta, which is like a summer sea, all ripple and light.

By constant working over *The Little Tycoon* has been whittled down and polished up to presentable shape. Robert Graham is the mainstay, and William Rising helps wonderfully by his good singing and pleasing acting. The music is tuney, without much body and with no originality, but pleasant to hear all the same, and the stage setting and costumes leave nothing to be desired. We should not wonder if, after all, good management and good acting should save *The Little Tycoon* as they have saved more important works.

There is no more enjoyable place wherein to spend an evening than *Koster and Bial's*, and no more agreeable entertainment than *Pinafore* and its accompanying attractions can be seen for near the money. When we want to relax a little we always go to *Koster and Bial's*.

At Louise Lester's benefit, at *Koster and Bial's*, last Monday evening, Jennie Ludlow volunteered to sing *Little Buttercup*. She has really a phenomenal contralto voice of great richness, especially in the lower register, and sings very well, as a triple encore and a whole garden of flowers testified. This young girl would make a hit on the comic opera stage.

Miss d'Arona's concerts of English and American ballad music, at Steinway Hall, are very successful, and the singer herself, together with Miss Walker, of the American Opera, Miss Klein and Mr. Loutrel, were applauded to the echo.

Brooklyn Amusements.

George F. Rowe's new play, *The Lily of Yeddo*, may be said to have achieved a very fair success at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn last Monday night. The only things about it which prevented its unqualified triumph were a few minor incongruities in the third act and the wretched interpretation of the hero by the author, who as an actor dragged down into the purlieus of burlesque what he as a play-writer had no doubt intended for the realm of legitimate comedy and drama. The story of the play is quite interesting, and far out of the beaten track of modern dramas. This is not only due to the fact that the scene is laid in Japan. Its incidents are in the nature of a classical tragedy. Yoritomo, the usurping Prince of Yamato, is married to the widow of the man he killed to reach his princedom. Conscience that makes cowards of us all makes him unusually timid, while his wife, like Lady Macbeth, fears his nature is too full of the milk of human kindness, and finally resolves to rid herself of him. The murdered Prince, her original liege, had a daughter, and should she live she would seriously endanger their united enjoyment of power. Besides, Osaka, the Princess, is a Messalina in infamy and cruelty and she first tries her arts on Compachi, a sort of Joseph of Canaan, and failing to seduce him determines to get somebody else to kill her husband. She has learned that a certain Otoyō, "the Lily of Yeddo," a pretty maid of sixteen summers, is the daughter of her former husband, and finding her near by, decides to have her dispatched first. There is a charmed blade, a talismanic sword, which figures all through the play. It is the weapon with which the murder of the rightful Prince was committed. A blood spot on it will not out and "murders sleep" for Yoritomo, the usurping noble. He therefore sends it to a worthy and honest smithy from whom it is stolen. The penalty is prison and threatened death for the swordsmith. He is held a prisoner near the "Shinto Shrine," and it is there, while she prays for her father's liberty, that Otoyō's murder is arranged by the wicked Princess. Just as the latter's favorite follower, Sanza, draws his blade ready for the deed, the young girl emerges from the Shrine and walks out of the garden. She is immediately followed by Sanza. The noise of clashing swords is heard and Sanza returns with his blade broken at the handle. Chobei, who is the real Prince, but unknown as such, is with him. There is no explanation made how Sanza lost sight of the young girl whom he so closely pursued, and how he got his sword broken. On the contrary, Chobei, who holds in his hand the charmed blade, easily makes him believe that she is yet in the Shrine, and when Princess Osaka herself, also clad in white robes, appears, Sanza kills her, mistaking her for Otoyō. Chobei reveals himself to his infamous wife before she dies. The fourth and last act is taken up with the denouement. It is an after-climax, almost a story of its own, the characters of which are in ignorance of the tragedy at the Shinto Shrine, where Chobei proclaimed himself the real prince. He is still a beggar in tatters, leaves and returns in the most burlesque of fashion, and gives out a second proclamation of his real character. Everything ends happily for the Lily of Yeddo, her lover, her father and her adopted parents.

The play opens in an interesting manner, with a "front" scene, which clearly explains the motive of the story and introduces the Princess and several of the leading characters in some brisk and stirring action. The dialogue then and throughout the play is in the classic mould, with the "sirrahs" and "thous" of Goldsmith and Brinsley Sheridan. It is noticeably epigrammatical and sometimes witty, but very often stilted and stupid. It creates the impression that an English tragedy of the Elizabethan era has been altered to suit the present Japanese craze. Through the whole play runs a beautiful love romance. Three women take part in it: the Princess, attended by an infamous passion; Kamoura, an attendant, who was betrayed by Compachi, Otoyō's lover, and Otoyō herself, whose heart beats

with the purest of affection. In the second and third acts Otoyō played with exquisite tenderness and charming naturalness by Jane Stuart, moves like one of Longfellow's purest creations. In the third act the actress creates the deepest kind of poetic impression. It seems incredible that the same man who wrote the scenes in which Otoyō and her lover figure could so mar with dramatic and literary rubbish the last act of the same play. Both Miss Stuart and Frederick Paulding were warmly applauded. The author also shows in the third act that he is incapable of consistent work by introducing hackneyed comedy of the Spectre Bridegroom order, and by making a Japanese of the Eighteenth century use the word "cent" when speaking of money.

With the exception of G. F. Rowe, the cast offered no serious cause for fault-finding, and in several essential requirements it was really excellent. Margaret Leighton, who was announced as then making her first appearance in America, seemed to lack experience. Her reading was not of the best, the word girl being pronounced at least once as "gal." But she acted with intelligence at all times, and in the trying scenes of the third act she played her part that of the Princess, effectively. Emma V. Sheridan made a great deal of Kamoura, an attendant on the Princess, and a character designed to bring out in bold relief the power of Otoyō's pure love. Elizabeth Andrews, as the swordsmith's violent-tempered wife, won general admiration for a most artistic interpretation. Henry Dalton as the usurping Prince, Alfred Folin as Sanza, Frederick Paulding as the lover, George D. Fawcett as Kotsuc, the villain in the underplot, and Carl Ahrend as Kantai, the swordsmith, contributed materially to the excellent performance. The stage was beautifully set, the Palace Garden (Act II), and the Shinto Shrine (Act III) being greeted with marked favor. The audience was very large, and composed of a most intelligent class of people, who called the author before the curtain at the close of the play. He did not make a speech, although called on for one.

Louise Balfé is increasing rapidly the good impression she is looking for in Dagmar. She appeared in the play with Frank Losee and others at the Novelty Theatre last Monday night. The general performance had improved greatly compared with those they gave a week or two ago at another Brooklyn Theatre. The acting of those around her being smoother and better, her own work showed to greater advantage. Her impersonation of the title role is now a very praiseworthy one, and in the last act especially she was very effective, the audience bestowing genuine, hearty applause. Frank Losee's acting was also fine, and won him the heartiest kind of recognition. The theatre was a little over half full.

Frederick Warde, in *Virginius*, last Monday night, was a welcome change at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, where *The Mikado* had had two weeks of uninterrupted possession of the stage. From burlesque to tragedy is an experience that is apt to enhance the beauty of the latter, and Warde had a comparatively easy task before him in trying to please. His portrayal of the famous and familiar Roman Father of Sheridan Knowles was about the same that has been already described in this page. It was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday. For Monday Richelleu was announced, Damon and Pythias for Friday, and Ingomar and Richard III. for Saturday. Calls before the curtain were frequent for the star. The audience was of fair size.

Hyde and Behman continue to provide excellent vaudeville and variety or minstrel performances to large and well-pleased audiences, while the public at large continue to gossip about them and circulate numerous rumors about notable theatrical enterprises by them in the not far future. They seem to hold the key to a very important theatrical chessboard just now. The attraction at their house this week is McIntyre and Heath's Spectacular Minstrels.

The John Templeton *Mikado* company was at the Park Theatre last Monday night. They disappointed the audience by appearing to sing and act with carelessness. It was all due, however, to the wretched way in which the orchestra played. The company provided some new scenery, which was said to have come from San Francisco, and which their agent gulled the reporters into believing it was painted by Japanese artists. It proved acceptable to the spectators, however. A large Monday night audience was present.

Edwin Arden has been showing since last Monday night at the Grand Opera House to a series of fair audiences his popular play of *Eagle's Nest*. He was called before the curtain twice during the evening, and so were Gerie Blanchard as the heroine and Sarah McVicker in the character of a rough but true woman.

Alfa Norman and her company, fresh from Eastern villages, showed up in *The Mikado* last Monday at the Brooklyn Theatre. The house was about three-quarters full.

At the People's Theatre Laura Dainty in *A Mountain Pink* gave pleasure to a very good house.

Minnie Oscar Grey, W. T. Stephens, a supporting company and five dogs, drew a crowded house to the Standard Museum.

At the Grand Museum a company styling themselves the Colored Georgia Minstrels held forth. Business was good.

NOTES.

Emmett Drew succeeded Charles H. Parsons as *Ko Ko* at the Criterion last week.

Robert C. Hilliard will play *Cheviot Hill* with the Madison Square Theatre Engaged company at the Brooklyn, April 26.

Lohengrin, by the American Opera, was announced for the 15th, with William Ludwig as Telramund.

Tony Hart's business at the Brooklyn Theatre last week was the biggest in the city. The season at the Grand Opera House will not close till June 15: at the earliest. Two weeks have been added to follow the three of Harrigan and his company in May. Their present orchestra, however, will quit about May 1. Henry E. Walton is negotiating for a week with a new Irish play.

Managers Sisson and Hilliard, of the Criterion Theatre, have had a row with Kenny and Murphy, the bill-posters, who have a monopoly of the business in the City of Churches. The

managers refused to pay a bill presented, in their claim, for work not done. The bill-posters then refused to put up any more paper for the house, and the Lily of Yeddo has done an excellent business without a sheet of printing on the dead walls and fences.

Professional Doings.

Elsie Serrano has just completed a domestic drama entitled *A Shadow on the Hearth*.

The Criterion Theatre is well booked for next season. Only three weeks are open up to Christmas.

Charles T. Van Sicken left for Boston on Tuesday in advance of Tony Pastor's travelling company.

The Salsbury Troubadours will play an engagement of three weeks at the Star Theatre next January.

The Two Johns close season at Saratoga on May 1. This has been one of J. C. Stewart's most successful tours.

W. A. Mestayer has written another new farcical play, which he may produce next season, entitled *Tobogganing*.

From the Fourteenth Street Theatre Evangeline will be taken to Brooklyn on May 3, opening at the Park Theatre.

Nellie Lingard has been engaged to play the leading soprano part in George Clarke's new play, *A Strange Disappearance*.

Charles Shackford, who is at present playing *Tom Tracy* in *Over the Garden Wall*, has not as yet signed for the Summer opera season.

Frank Farrell has closed his engagement with Mme. Jodie and goes in advance of the Engaged company in which John A. Mackay is to star.

The Boston Ideals are just closing a fortnight's engagement in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Their hold upon the twin cities is something marvellous.

It has been decided to close the season of the Lyceum Theatre with the 300th performance of *One of Our Girls*, which occurs in the latter part of May.

Clara Morris will resume her season at Montreal on Easter Monday, April 30, opening in Article 47. From Montreal she will go to Toronto for a week.

Gray's Opera House, in Houston, Texas, has just been repainted and refitted, and is now booking for the coming season. Gus Fredericks is the manager.

Fred. Bryton has closed his season in the play *Forgiven*. The play has been well received, but business has not kept pace. It will go on the road again next season.

J. M. Hill will send *Pepita* on the road next season, with the same company now presenting it. The opera will be continued at the Union Square to the end of the season.

The new comedy, *Our Society*, is from the French. Mr. Palmer has had it localized and the scene laid at Washington. It will be produced at the Madison Square on Monday next.

W. H. Thompson has severed his connection with the opera company bearing his name. The company has been for some months in Portland, Ore. Mr. Thompson will come East.

Frank Williams, until recently advance agent of the Michael Strogoff company, has joined Matt Morgan's Diorama forces, and will officiate for the latter in a similar capacity.

Florence Girard and Laura Johnson, a clever little soubrette formerly with the Union Square company, have been engaged by Fred. Stinson for Mme. Modjeska's company next season.

Treasurer Al. T. Miller, of the Vine Street Opera House, Cincinnati, has become insane through excessive cigarette smoking. He has been removed to an asylum, and it is not believed he will recover.

In behalf of Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau, Clifton W. Tayleure is making an effort to protect the widow's rights in *The Octoroon*. Henry Chanfrau is his mother's agent to dispose of rights in this country.

G. Paulton, son of Harry Paulton, the English comedian, arrived in this country on the *Abyssinia* on Friday, and rehearsals of *Erminie*, the new opera to follow the *Gypsy Baron* at the Casino, were begun on Monday.

On account of illness Elise Lamiere was obliged to close her engagement with Mild Pickles and return to the city a few days ago. Miss Lamiere was playing the part of Lucinda Sniggins, having succeeded Jennie Christy in it.

Jennie Ludlow has made a hit as *Buttercup* at *Koster and Bial's*. Pinafore is meeting with hearty approval as it is presented there. Louise Lester, Ella Wesner, Georgie Parker, and Howard Danforth combine to make the performance enjoyable.

A. Durand, the treasurer of Mme. Jodie's company, will be given a benefit this (Thursday) afternoon at the Star Theatre. The Grand Duchess will be presented, and the one-act comedy, with one song, entitled *Clary et Clary*, in which Jodie will also appear.

Rehearsals of the spectacular production of *The Mikado*, which John Steinson is to give at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 26, are to begin next Monday morning, and the sale of seats begins on Wednesday, prices ranging from \$1.50 to twenty-five cents.

The scenery for *Erminie*, to be presented at the Casino after the run of *The Gypsy Baron*, is being painted by Henry E. Hoyt and a staff of assistants. The first act is an inn at Trouville, the second a grand ball-room and the third a corridor and marble staircase.

Rachel McAuley, widow of Barney McAuley, has received several applications for the rights to produce her late husband's plays, *A Messenger from Jarvis Section* and *The Jerseymen*. Mrs. McAuley refers all applicants to Samuel Colville, who has kindly consented to act in her behalf.

Next season Library Hall, Pittsburg, will be known as the Chalet Bijou Theatre. Chalet and Gulick will be the proprietors. R. M. Gulick will be the treasurer. During the Summer the house will undergo extensive alterations, and the seating capacity will be greatly enlarged. The Penn avenue entrance will be done away with and a spacious ground-floor entrance put up on Sixth street. When all the improvements are completed the house will accommodate 4,000. It will be conducted on the popular-price basis. Library Hall will be for rent during the months of May and June.

The Giddy Gusher.

The name of A. M. Palmer is not connected with any man's mind with disappointment. Since he has been identified with so many great successes that it's always safe to go to the theatre under his administration without looking at the bill-boards. Leave it to Palmer. He is a miracle at making selections among plays. If only the gallant Lester would toddle over to A. M. P. and submit the manuscripts his evil genius offers him, there would be a very different state of things at the Wallackian establishment.

It's a very rare gift, this one of foresight in theatrical matters. The most of the managers are like that mutton-headed blacksmith who clapped a piece of iron in his furnace and acknowledged he didn't know whether it would come out a razor or a heater. They read a play and they don't find out a thing about it. They rehearse it and seem to know less. They produce it and wander round during the last act with a dim consciousness that the public are sitting on it hard and that the papers had better be looked after before next day.

When the returns begin to come in—none of 'em at the box office, however—the cussing begins, and everybody who could have said a word about it but didn't is anathematized, while with due deliberation something else is got ready, and the managerial head runs against another dead wall.

Somehow the best plays and the best people to play them seem to drift toward Palmer, and with exceptional perspicacity he annexes them. Therefore do I, after a wearing interval of Patty Blowers, Tin Pistols, We Uses and other popular skits, climb down to the Madison Square and ask in feeble tones for a place in which to rest my weary frame.

That blessed little theatre is a Laven of tranquil joy after flashing lights and slamming doors and whiskey-seeking pedestrians; after insane and insane acrobatic acting; after mandarin dramas like The Seat of Father's Pants. Flashed in the Pan and Downed by His Own Hand.

To sit quietly in one of the old-fashioned chairs in the dim religious light grateful to steeled eyes, to have the stage so low that even on the first rows you don't have to look up, and to have such a group of artists as Agnes Booth, Maude Harrison, Lemoyne and Kelcey interpret such a pair of pieces as Broken Hearts and Old Love-letters—why, it's simply delightful, and I did enjoy it hugely. It's very comforting to find so many people capable of appreciating a bill like that at the Madison Square.

In looking round theatres lately and witnessing the delight of audiences over the popular trash paraded for their delectation, the belief has taken root in me that softening of the brain was a frightful epidemic, and that such a tender, poetical, delicate conceit as Broken Hearts, or such a quiet, clean bit of acting as is the Old Love-Letter episode, would fail to gather patrons, it is reassuring to be one of so large and delighted an audience as the Madison Square held last Friday night.

The only drawback was the remark of a staid old dame behind me, who said to her escort: "I want to go see the Rag Baby next week. There's a how-legged dog in it too funny for anything!"

Beauty and grace, elegance of carriage, sweetness of voice and witchery of manner, the bloom and charm of youth, are all very well; but brains are an excellent substitute for every one of these qualities, as Agnes Booth can teach one. Lacking stature, she can tower in heights of passion. Lacking beauty, no one ever thought a prettier woman should be in her part. Of mature years, no one heeds the fact, though she essayed a girl in her teens. A woman we esteem as her best when we see her in tragic roles, until she is cast for a character all pathos and emotion, and then we think she has found her forte. But the instant she plays comedy we recognize she is its queen. A marvelous actress is Agnes Booth, and perhaps the most intelligent woman on the stage. I at least know of no one who nears her in quick wit and adaptive cleverness.

Maude Harrison is another woman who is thought at her best in comedy till she essays sentiment. I always thought the wickedest and drollest young woman I ever saw on the stage was Maude's Mrs. Brown in The Banker's Daughter; and the worst, most suggestive old scallawag of a man was Lemoyne as old Poppy in Pink Dominoes. But here the two turn up creatures of another world—poetical, intense, tragical. Truly, Mrs. Booth, Miss Harrison and Lemoyne are the most versatile members of the profession alive to-day in America. Of course, Mr. Palmer has 'em, and the plays to fit 'em. No wonder I had the horrors when he threatened to abandon theatrical management.

If any one is looking about with a desire to aid and abet a meritorious undertaking, and help two very pretty women on in a deserving enterprise, they should immediately, if not sooner, send in their subscription to the *Amusement Gazette*, 947 Broadway. Mrs. Low and Mrs. Percy issue this little sheet, which contains a great deal that is interesting and useful. With a lot of subscribers they would enlarge their labors and get up a very breezy paper. Mrs. Low is a sister of Blanche Roosevelt, and the blonde of the firm Mrs. Percy is the prettiest of brunettes. I like the female editors because they are so good-looking, and because they will make their paper worth the money. The two ladies have had as dissimilar experiences as they have exterior. Every one knows Edwin Steamship Low; that he is the best sort of lad, and that his wife has a good husband. Mrs. Low, of the *Gazette*, is the wife of Mr. Steamship Low, and consequently wants no one's sympathy.

When I first knew Mrs. Percy she was a beautiful young girl, with a sweet faced mother and a little modest fortune, sufficient to keep them both in comfort. She made the usual mistake—married, and had a few brief years of infelicity. Death took her mother and the husband took her money. She stood utterly alone, and forsaken at last by the man who had sworn to love and protect her, she has supported herself by painting and embroidery. But it's an ill-requited, hard occupation. So she has joined a lady friend and hopes to wring from her little paper enough to make her comfortable. I heartily hope she will.

It's a great joy to me that Scoville is going to sing. The papers say so at last. I've worried a great deal about Scoville. He was the great American tenor singer who never sang. He's been instructed for years and years. Seems to me that man has got more musical training than would run the Conservatoire twenty years. He's lived in Milan for ages; he has dwelt in Paris, in Florence and in Rome, and taken lessons all the while. He married a very peculiar-looking girl—Miss Marcia Roosevelt. She had a big fortune, and she has educated that voice and spared no expense. Marcia was a very good girl—a very amiable young woman. She has toted her tenor about, and listened to interminable scales and exercises, and now she is to have her great reward—she is to hear him sing—in London, I believe. The American Opera is after him, I understand; but they had better wait till they hear what he can do.

I know blessed well what he will do if he's anything of a success. It's the fore-ordained, pre-ordained career of man that when he can flit he will flit. Marcia should have snipped this vocal ambition in the bud. What the deuce does a woman want with a musical husband. Educate his voice just enough to sing lullabys, so he can put the kids to sleep instead of wailing 'em up; and make him go into business with some of his wife's money to turn it over for the good of the children. That's what a woman should do with a tenor. That's about all she can do.

I met a young woman, the other day, in a photograph gallery. (I break this to you gently; I've got as far as the gallery.) She is still in her twenties; she is very handsome and very healthy; she has a lot of money; she never had a care in her life, and she is undeniably miserable and constantly unhappy. I've known her since she was a child, and I believe she has always been the same discontented, listless, unpleasant creature.

"I'm just breaking up my place here," she said, in a grumpy sort of way, "and I go to Europe next week."

"That's pleasant," returned I, cheerily. "There's plenty to amuse you in London this coming season. Dixey in Adonis—you'll want to see him?"

"I don't care to see anything."

"There's a great deal of fun in London, though," said I.

"I don't see any fun in any place, or pleasure in anything," replied that young woman; and I don't believe she does.

The springs of pleasure flow from us, not toward us, and if in one's own heart and soul the elements of good nature and a cheerful spirit do not dwell, good bye to any fun the neighbors are likely to bring in.

I daily thank the constructor of my earthly tenement that, beside putting a good roof on me, and seeing that the plumbing was first-class, a chandelier was hung in my heart that makes light the dreariest atmosphere into which I drift.

Above the wildest storm I can always hear the chirp of coming song-birds. Thank God, I find pleasure in every place and see fun in a funeral.

But this handsome, healthy young woman, with everything to make her happy, as far as money goes, is miserable. I remember, when she was in a convent uptown, she used to send her mother weekly lists of that which she wanted, and it seemed as if she wanted the earth. Out would go ma, and buy and buy till every article was purchased. The next letter would contain a similar list, and the only allusion she made to the last package she received would be to complain of the quality or quantity of some of the items.

If ma had taken Miss Sulky then and there and reduced the grandeur of her style, she might have made her a happier woman to-day. But Miss Sulky had her head—a very handsome but ill-balanced one. She came of a splendid theatrical family, her name was a tower of strength; so when she left school she went upon the stage. She was too heavy and dull to ever amount to anything as an actress, but she would always have commanded a good salary for her appearance and her name.

My young woman did not like the necessary work to earn a decent living; she preferred something else, and very shortly she had a brownstone house, a gorgeous carriage, and an old man very much in the background. Old pa left the scene of his usefulness some time ago, and the young woman had her place free of encumbrance. She was born without the first idea of a moral boundary; so it's no remorse for any has-yet or ill-advised action that is troubling her. It's her indolence in making her so wretched and robbing life of all pleasure.

I am an apostle of occupation—you "must play the sweet keys if you'd keep them in tune." The hardest, most unendurable fate in the world is to be compelled to live and do nothing.

Be sure I'm right, dear little girls of the stage. The very hardships of rehearsal, of study, of going to and from the theatre, the dressing and undressing, are lumps of sugar in disguise. They sweeten the cup, after all, and the pitiful little salary you turn over in your hand before some enticing jewelry shop window can give you more solid comfort—if you only think so—than a thousand dollar check with some old poppy's name affixed.

I don't believe there's any girl in the profession, working early and late for a small salary, that could tell me truthfully, as that young woman did the other day, that there was for her "no pleasure in any place, no fun in anything."

Lost to be Tried Again.

"I have just closed with Jack in the Box," said Doré Davidson to a *Mirror* interviewer the other day, "and I shall now devote my time to securing dates for a six weeks' tour of Lost which I intend making this Spring, opening the first week of May in Philadelphia and coming to this city later in the month. Ramie Austen has recovered from her recent severe attack of congestion of the brain, and will appear in her old part."

"The differences between Mr. Harned and myself have been amicably settled, so that the play will go out with his permission. I am also booking time for next season, intending to open in this city either at Niblo's or down on the Bowery. There will be a much better and more capable company with me next season."

The play, from the way in which it went on the road last Fall, seems to me to be a paying property."

A Spring Madrigal.

Come down, April showers;
Bring forth buds and flowers.
For my Love comes with the opening of the pink Spring flowers.
Zephyrus in the dell,
Chimes the small bluebell
That old Winter when he hears it knows his end and death-hell.
Come down, April showers;
Bring out buds and flowers.
For my Love comes with the opening of the pink Spring flowers.

God of illen white,
Keep him safe this night;
Great his coming may be near
With bright blossoms and Spring's sweet cheer.
Spring's sweet cheer and pleasant hours,
Bring him to me with your flowers.
Come down, April showers;
Bring out buds and flowers.
For my Love comes with the opening of the pink Spring flowers.

Come, come, come with the opening of the pink Spring flowers.

—HELEN COOPER PARR.

Native Authorship.

The great and growing fondness of the American people for dramatic entertainments, and the liberality with which really good pieces are patronized, offers a tempting field to native authors. Why should Paris continue to be the mine from which both America and England seek dramatic pearls, and so many plays of French origin be either openly translated or dressed up with an English title, with the result of popular patronage? The inquiry is suggestive of many lines of thought. It is certain that special developments of intellect and temperament are largely affected by climate and food and the presence of lime. Paris, with a very bright, clear air, and situated upon a limestone basin, has an exhilarating influence upon most constitutions, very similar to that of New York. Like New York, its inhabitants have a great activity; and it has another point of resemblance to the Empire City in the presence of large numbers of persons of nationalities foreign to itself—a circumstance which in the whole history of mankind has never failed to raise the intellectual standard and, by means of the contact of differing modes of thought, to enlarge the general perception of the community so favored.

It was so in ancient Jerusalem, which gave special protections to the "stranger within the gates," and which attained to no mean degree of magnificence and wealth. Rome, like New York, had a native population inferior in numbers to its foreign element, and the opulence, power, luxury and intellect found within that city, although some fifteen hundred years have passed since its decline, have continued to largely influence manners and literature down to the present moment. All the great cities of the past—Ephesus, Nineveh, Tyre, Athens, Babylon and Venice—owed much of their greatness to the varied intelligence of a cosmopolitan ganglion, and among the moderns, those places which have most favored the progress of invention and discovery, and have most encouraged the liberal arts and sciences, such as New York, Paris and London, are especially open to the same observation.

It may be the local products of France, such as the grape, the apple and the olive, with the abundance of fish upon its shores, combined with the comparative scarcity of flesh meat, contribute largely to form a habit of diet highly conducive to brilliant and rapid thought with its attendant keenness of perception, so fitted for that kind of observation of men and things which the dramatic author needs. The same sort of influences are at work in New York. A bright, cheerful and electric air, constantly purified from the sea, with an abundance of very varied food resources, are combining to form a very brilliant class of intelligences, which, however, seem to have been more devoted to electrical and mechanical science and vast commercial organizations, than to literature and art, though this may partly arise out of the necessities of a country still young and vast tracts of which are still in a primitive state.

Be the causes what they may, the fact remains that among the most pronounced successes of the stage the works of French authors have called the most laurels. The names of French dramatists are "familiar in our mouths as household words" throughout the English-speaking races. Who has not seen, or at least heard of, the various English versions of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew"? Have not the works of Molière and Racine been standard models? As men of the present times, the number of dramatic authors of distinguished celebrity in France is great as compared with England. Such men as Victorien Sardou, the two Dumas, Melhac and Halévy, Adolphe d'Ennery, Delannay and many others seem to be the well-springs of the dramatic fountain for all the world, and the bare mention of some of their productions, such as Don César de Bazan, The Two Orphans, Around the World in Eighty Days, Théodora, Article 47, Fedora and Three Wives to One Husband awaken the memories most familiar to American playgoers.

It would seem as if the French authors, or, at all events, the best of them, placed always before them as a compass-point Sam Slick's assertion that "there's a great deal of human nature in mankind." The best of the French plays, such, for instance, as Sardou's *Seraphine*, are based upon such sentiments and situations as are common to all the human race, and hence their adaptability to foreign climates and their aptitude for translation. On the other hand, numerous plays written in London and in the English language, after the most pronounced successes on the British stage have proved failures when transplanted to American shores, from the fact that they have been tinged with a local color possessing no significance away from the scene of its action. Take, for instance, the play of *Saints and Sinners*. Charming and naively true as it is, regarded as a picture of the inner English life, a well balanced work of art in every respect, its success here did not depend so much on its literary merits as rather in spite of them. Many of its best passages were phrases of English society having no equivalent in American habits, and therefore to American eyes would and did appear tame and unmeaning.

It pays French authors to write for the American and English markets. Sardou has more than once done so expressly, and is said to be engaged at this moment, under special contract, in the preparation of a play for production on the New York stage. It is also a significant fact, to be seriously noted by American writers, that there exists in this city an agency for the avowed purpose of supplying the dramatic profession with translations from the French, and that this agency, moreover,

claims to be in alliance with the Society of French Dramatic Authors and that its commercial operations are successful. Why should this profit be snatched from before the very eyes of native talent? American authors, look to your laurels and your pockets! A good play is a good fortune. The country which has rewarded with competency the authors of rubbish depending on bad spelling for its wit, will doubly and trebly reward the dramatist who shall bring to bear eloquence, wit and knowledge of the mainsprings of human action in the production of a series of plays of a calibre equal to *Seraphine* or *Theodora*. It would pay. The American public have shown often enough that they appreciate dramas of a really high order, and they are not to be blamed if they prefer burlesque and opera bouffe to the indifferent plays and sensational hotchpots so freely offered them. Give them something original and native of the very highest order, and they will rise to it in a body. There can surely be no difficulty in this. There must be ample dramatic talent in a country which in the paths of literature has given birth to a Longfellow and a Bryant; in forensic eloquence has seen a Kent and a Brady, and in the investigations of science owns a Morse and an Edison, besides a long and illustrious roll of others whose names have been as conspicuous throughout the arena of civilization as those of the sons of colonial boasting centuries of cultivation. It is regrettable to see both fame and wealth passing from a field which should be filled by ambitious native spirits. The success of some of the great Shakespearean revivals and some of the higher class French plays beckons to native culture to come forward and work in the same vineyard.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Miss Davenport's Fine Reception.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
BOSTON, April 13.—Fanny Davenport had a tremendous house at the beginning of her return engagement in Fedora at the Park, in which she was as superb as ever.

The Old Homestead at the Boston Theatre, Prince Karl at the Boston Museum, The Milano at the Globe, Nance at the Hollis Street and Arcadia at the Bijou—continued to good houses. A Prisoner for Life at the Howard, and Haze Kirks at the Windsor.

Effect of Weather and Prices.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
BUFFALO, April 13.—Very disagreeable weather and increased prices gave Balzani only half a house at the Academy of Music Monday night.

Nobody's Claim drew a good sized audience at the Court Street Theatre. The Adolph was well filled.

A New Opera.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
WASHINGTON, April 13.—Scena and Taber's opera, *Queen of Hearts*, was produced Monday night before a fair audience. Mrs. Annie Remmer-Kasper was the Queen of Hearts, Frank Pearson the King, and R. J. Dwan the Knave. The other cards in the pack were represented by young society ladies and gentlemen. The opera is founded on "The Queen of Hearts, she baked some tarts," etc. The costumes were very pretty, the dances pleasing, and the music, while not strikingly original, bright and sparkling.

Good houses at the other theatres, especially at Harris to see the Wilbur company. First concert of Boston Symphony Orchestra to fair house this afternoon. Farsch-Madi III and did not appear. Adamowski received an ovation. Mrs. Annie Louise Powell goes with the Orchestra from here for an engagement of six weeks.

A Slight Hitch.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
DETROIT, April 14.—Gillette's Private Secretary began a week's engagement at the Detroit to fair business. The company is an excellent one throughout. Karaanda's Colored Minstrels at Whitney's called out a full house. The trustees of the Brush estate having made an unreasonable demand of Architect Wood, of Chicago, that he confine his attention to the plans of White's New Theatre only, he has declined to have anything to do with the work.

Mr. Goodwin's Successful Risk.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
PROVIDENCE, April 14.—Nat Goodwin and his Shaving-Risk were greeted by one of the largest houses seen at the Providence in a long time, and the advance sale indicates good business the whole week.

N. S. Wood opened for the week at the Comique to a large house.

Frank Girard a Grandfather.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
PITTSBURGH, April 14.—A good week's business will doubtless be done at all houses. Alice Harrison, Frank Girard and Helen Sedgwick, supported by a good company, are dispensing Hot Water to good-sized audiences. As the Magistrate, John T. Raymond is presiding over well filled houses at Library Hall. This is the first presentation of The Magistrate in this city, and it is being favorably received. Thompson's company at the Academy and Burr Oaks at Harris are playing to remunerative business.

Frank Girard is happy. He is now a grandfather. He received the happy intelligence upon his arrival here. It is a girl. The Hot Water company were detained en route from Chicago here and did not arrive until 7:30 Monday night. To the credit of Stage Manager Frank Girard, the audience was kept in suspense only half an hour.

Miscellaneous.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)
CHILLICOTHE, O., April 14.—Professor Crocker's Equines opened a three nights' engagement at the Masonic Opera House to a large audience.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 14.—At the Mascotte Academy Little Corinne and company opened Monday night for the week in comic opera to over 1,000 people.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 13.—A large audience was present at the Grand Monday night to greet Robson and Crane, who appeared as the Two Dromios in Comedy of Errors. The play was put on with all possible accessories, considering the limited stage accommodations. The company is unusually competent and dressed their characters with great taste.

CHICAGO, April 14.—The Rat-Catcher, at

McVicker's; full house. The best the Kralays have produced long time. The Abbott Opera Grand. Good performance of Large business. Lillian Low, Umbra, and Engaged at the House, both doing good business.

THE CASINO.
Broadway and 42nd Street.
Kudolph Arment, Manager.
50 CENTS. ADMITTANCE 25 CENTS.
Reserved seats, 50c, and 75c. Box, \$1.00. Every Evening at 8.

On a scale of unprecedented splendor, Johnson's most successful opera company.

THE GYPSY BARON.

Presented under the direction of Mr. HEINRICH CONRAD.

Chorus of 50. Immense orchestra. Full military band. Musical director, Henry Williams. New and beautiful costumes, scenery and appliances.

BUQU OPERA HOUSE. Broadway and 42nd Street. Between Mth & Nth. Ladies and Gentlemen. Every Evening at 8. Matinee Sunday at 2.

Continued success of RICE'S BIG BURLESQUE COMPANY and Mr. HENRY E. DIXEY.

Supported by a chorus of artists, in a grand production of the new and original play, *THE GYPSY BARON*, by William Gillette.

Grand Chorus and Orchestra. Prices, 50c, 75c and 1.00.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Under the management of J. M. HILL, who has been in New York. SHOOK & COLLIER, Proprietors.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

PEPITA.

OR, THE GIRL WITH THE GLASS EYE.

Alfred Thompson and Edward Robinson are now at the theatre.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. 3rd Avenue and 42nd Street.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J. M. HILL.

NEIL BURTON. In his highest comedy.

WIDOW BRIDGES.

MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Matinee prices, 50c, 75c and 1.00.

NEW WINDOW THEATRE. Broadway and 42nd Street.

THE WINDMILL and Light Theatre in the City.

FRANK E. HUSTON.

SHOOK AND COLLIER'S Grand Opera House.

MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Shows and entertainments without charge to the public and most interesting, including a variety of new and original plays.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Broadway and 42nd Street.

Every evening and matinee at 2.

DOYLE CARROLL OPERA HOUSE.

Is the ONLY performance of *THE GYPSY BARON* in New York.

With the assistance of the Grand Opera House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Broadway and 42nd Street.

Shows and entertainments without charge to the public and most interesting, including a variety of new and original plays.

EVERY EVENING AT 8. SAT. MATINEE AT 2.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Shows and entertainments without charge to the public and most interesting, including a variety of new and original plays.

EVERY EVENING AT 8. SAT. MATINEE AT 2.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway and 42nd Street.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, William Wallack.

THE STODOLSKY OPERA HOUSE.

Shows and entertainments without charge to the public and most interesting, including a variety of new and original plays.

EVERY EVENING AT 8. SAT. MATINEE AT 2.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Shows and entertainments without charge to the public and most interesting, including a variety of new and original plays.

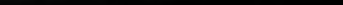
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The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

The conveniences for getting something decent to eat in the lower part of the city after business hours are extremely limited. But some members of the *Star* staff have unearthed a place where every sort of cookery that pleases the inner man can be had at all hours of the night. It is kept by a voluble foreigner named Pedro, who has been playfully dubbed by the boys "the Portuguese Pirate." His café is a crazy old shanty on Duane street, and it bears a sinister aspect from outside. But within doors there are cosy little rooms, where Pedro's delicious viands and pure wines may be comfortably enjoyed.

The *Star* men have an apartment set by for their own use, and of course it is called the *Star* Chamber. On Saturday nights a merry crew gather about this festive board. There are Colonel Dillont, the handsome and commanding publisher, whose songs are always encored; Ackerman, the jovial manager, who was one of the founders of the original Black Crook bald-headed brigade; Binninger, the society editor, who drinks his cognac with the air of a critic (a truly good young man who weighs two hundred pounds); Valadigham, the ministerial; De Fontaine, the courteous, whose favorite exclamation, "chippy," is warranted to silence the hottest debate, and some other thoroughly good fellows and good journalists who go to form the jolliest and wittiest gathering of newspaper men in town.

A ship without a helmsman is not worse off than a theatre with no one in charge. This seems to be the condition of the Fifth Avenue nowadays. There is nobody apparently in charge there during the daytime and the place is left in the care of a youth who answers all inquiries with the stereotyped words: "Mr. Stetson is out." Mr. Burnham is out. Come around in an hour.

In his address before the Nineteenth Century Club on Tuesday night the Rev. Dr. Eaton uttered a manly protest against the scurrilous and vicious personality of a certain class of newspapers. Among other things he said, "There are some topics which the town should not discuss." The stress he laid upon the words "topics" and "town" brought a round of applause that Paul Potter would perhaps not have been pleased to hear had he been invited to this cultured gathering.

The Actors' Fund.

There was a rather full attendance of the members at last Thursday's meeting of the Board of Trustees—Messrs. Palmer, Colville, Miner, Aronson, Henderson, Knowles, Malloy, Smith, Pastor and Fleishman. The Secretary's report was read and approved. The Treasurer's report for the month of March shows a balance on hand of \$7,849.30 in the Bank of the Metropolis. Subscriptions to the Memorial Shaft, \$1,678. Paid out in relief during the month, \$1,012.76. Paid for funerals, \$280. Six funerals in all.

Samuel Colville and Edward Aronson were appointed a committee to get up a grand Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in aid of the Fund.

H. C. Miner has tendered the use of the People's Theatre for a Sunday evening entertainment.

The Committee on Cemetery reported through Mr. Colville that they had paid for the ten additional burial lots in Evergreen Cemetery. The price paid was \$1,850. The first ten cost \$1,750. The plans for the Monumental Shaft are solicited from designers. These plans will be laid before the annual meeting of the members of the Fund, which takes place on June 8.

Seven applications for relief were considered by the Executive Committee last week. All but one were passed upon favorably.

Expended in relief last week, \$238.

New members and annual dues paid in: Henry N. Wilson, William S. Taylor, Laura Johnson, Walter E. Jennison, Mrs. Charles Howard, George Rose, Louise Burleigh, Alice Richards, Fred. Roberts, Russell Bassett, Henry Simon, Patrick O'Hara, Bessie Scott, George W. Ryer, Thomas W. Fitzgerald, James A. Mahoney, Charles B. Waite, Willis Hall, Cromie Hynson, William T. Gaunt, Will H. Mayo, Gertrude A. Blanchard, Sarah McVicker and Charles D. Herman.

A Gala Night at Pastor's.

The Nobles of the Mystic Shrine visited Tony Pastor's Theatre in a body on Tuesday night. They were in the main accompanied by their lady friends, the entire party numbering fully 800. After his usual selections, Mr. Pastor sang a song in which he humorously described his initiation into the Order. At the conclusion of the song, Mr. Pastor called upon Charles T. McClenahan, as a representative of the Consistory of Ancient Scottish Rite Masons, and presented him with a cheque to be applied to the reduction of the debt on the Masonic Temple, and invited him to open a subscription. This was done, the result being the next little sum of \$730. Mr. McClenahan then presented to illustrious Noble James

McGee a locket bearing the initial "M." This was a gift from Mr. Pastor.

The house presented a picturesque appearance, as all the men wore the Turkish fez and the ladies were decorated with silk badges.

Mackay's Benefit.

John A. Mackay, who has appeared at all the benefits in recent years, has been prevailed upon to accept one for himself. Up to this time he had emphatically declined the compliment. But now he has been forced to accept by the persistence of his friends. Next Thursday afternoon, April 22, the Academy of Music bids fair to be thronged by his well-wishers and admirers. A most unique and attractive programme has been arranged. Henry E. Dixey has been the prime mover in the affair, and the benefit will mark his farewell appearance in America prior to his departure for England in May.

Among those who volunteered their services the moment they heard of the affair were Francis Wilson, George Thorne, Frank Lincoln, Alice Harrison, nearly all of the members of the Evangeline company, Tony Hart, William Elton, Pauline Hall, Vernon Jarbeau, Victoria Schilling, Max Freeman and Almee. Quite a number of other artists are yet to be heard from. Music will be furnished by the combined orchestras of the Fourteenth Street Theatre and the Bijou Opera House. Memento souvenirs will be given to the ladies. Up to yesterday not a ticket had been printed; nevertheless \$500 worth of seats had been bespoken.

The dagger scene from Macbeth will be given, with Mr. Mackay as Lady Macbeth and Henry E. Dixey as Macbeth. George Thorne will recite, with musical accompaniment, "The History of a Paper Collar." The restaurant scene from Divorçons will be given by Max Freeman and Almee. The march from Evangeline will be seen. The entertainment will conclude with a sketch in which Dixey, Mackay and Wilson will appear. Besides these, there will be quite a number of other attractions.

In the Courts.

The American Opera company for the first time figured in the court last week. Emma Berger, who thought she was to sing in the company, brought suit against E. A. Locke in the Superior Court, special term. Miss Berger is a Milwaukee girl of German descent, and was studying with Kapellmeister Kahl, in Berlin, when she met William Hock, who said he was an agent for the American Opera company. He heard Miss Berger's voice and was pleased with it, pronouncing it a fine soprano. The result was a proposition that she join the American Opera company. By a contract made she was to receive \$60 a week from Jan. 4 to June 29, 1886. In the second season, beginning Nov. 1, 1886, and ending July 4, 1887, her salary was to be \$80 a week. When she reached America, Mr. Locke tried her voice at Steinway Hall. She sang "Eisa's Dream" from Lohengrin, and Mr. Locke said he was much pleased. He told her, however, that he could not engage her, as all the leading parts had been filled. He also said that Mr. Hock had not been authorized to make a binding contract. Miss Berger seeks \$5,000 damages.

A stipulation was agreed upon between the lawyers that if the Court decided the contract to be valid, Miss Berger would receive \$4,000, and the contract made with her carried out to the letter. Judge Donohue took all the papers and reserved his decision.

A stage upon which theatrical performances are given, and a bar attached, at No. 1339 Avenue A, are managed by a Bohemian, Petra Stastcho. Last Saturday night a melodrama termed "Samaritan," in five acts, was advertised and twenty-five cents charged for reserved seats. Mr. Stastcho had no theatrical license, and Captain Gunner knew it. So Detectives Campbell, Martin and five policemen bought tickets and went in just as the curtain rose on the third act. The policemen went behind the scenes and marched off actors and actresses to the police station. They were in full war paint, among them being an imitation policeman. Stastcho gave bail, but the actors had to stay all night in the police station. In the police court Sunday morning Justice White made the discovery that the play in a foreign language had not been understood by a single officer. There was a technical violation of the law, but according to the facts he must discharge the prisoners, and he did.

Captain Williams is anxious to ascertain whether, according to law, Pinafore can be given at Koster and Bial's Music Hall in Twenty-third street, and at the same time beer and liquor can be served to those who listen. The law provides that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold in an auditorium where a theatrical performance is going on. A policeman was sent around to the Hall on Friday night. He paid fifty cents admission and soon after twenty-five cents for a pony of brandy. He drank the brandy and arrested John Koster, who the next morning was taken before Justice Welde in the Jefferson Market Court. Ex Senator Ecclesine represented Mr. Koster. He moved that the complaint be dismissed, claiming that the performance at Koster and Bial's could not be termed a theatrical performance, and was not a violation of the statute. It was simply a concert and the whole performance of a musical nature. The counsel also added that his client had been arrested simply because a man had been allowed on the stage to reiterate the chestnut, "What never?" Justice Welde was a little in doubt in regard to the question, as many lawyers have been, and finally decided to go up and view the performance and find out whether the place is a theatre or a concert hall.

Mr. Fleishman's Interests.

Isaac Fleishman, the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has taken desk-room on Fourteenth street, and intends spending a few days in the city every week for the next few months. In conversation with a MIRROR representative, Mr. Fleishman said his past season had been the most profitable he had had for a good many years.

"I generally close about the middle of May," he said, "but this year I shall not end until the middle of June, the last attraction being The Black Crook. Last Summer I expended fully \$31,000 in refurbishing and fitting up my theatre, so that now I consider it to be the handsomest in America, with the exception, perhaps, of McVicker's, in Chicago. This Summer I shall have the roof of the stage

raised, the better to fit it for spectacular productions. Next season will open early in September, twenty-eight weeks being already booked. Next week Louise Balfie will appear in Dagmar at my house. On May 3 Barry and Fay present Irish Aristocracy, and May 17 W. J. Scanlan comes in Shane-na-Lawn. I am negotiating for the Saxe-Meiningen company."

A Social Silhouette.

Fair, fat, but considerably over forty, is the subject of this sketch. She can always be seen at the opera on "first-nights," when her box reminds one of "opening-day" in a fashionable establishment. The dress of this matron, yclept society leader, is always decidedly décolleté; a huge diamond pin shines like a calcium light from the vast expanse of avoidpola. The arm, from where the merest suggestion of a sleeve stops and the long glove commences, is strongly suggestive of a good fat pillow which some one with a fancy for the motto *multum in parvo* is trying to squeeze into a case too small for its capacity. The style of this lady is ornate, from the façade of her incongruous stone mansion to the slightest detail of her toilette. The satellites by which she is generally surrounded are of the *jeunesse dorée* order, who must have a new sensation periodically, or stagnation sets in and they die of ennui.

The daughters pertaining to this matron are quiet, negative sort of girls, not to say muffs, who really enjoy the visits of the Thompsons and the Jenkinses to their box on opera nights. Not so with *madame la mère*, who only relaxes her attention to the stage when certain eligible individuals, with a goodly number of brown stone houses and a bulky bank account to their credit, enter her presence. Then Patti, Nevada, or anybody else, may go to the mischief, as long as she is regaled with the frothy utterances of these tyros, who, with more money than morality, ogle the pretty coryphees even from the private boxes of their lady friends. The husband of this lady, like Mr. Jellyby, is a nonentity in the household. He may be a superior man, but, like the afore-said gentlemen, "he is merged in the shining qualities of his wife," and is recognized as a prominent factor of the family only on "pay" days. Sometimes this much-sat-upon individual ventures into the family box at the opera; but the sequel of this temerity on his part is always attended by fatal consequences; a family row is sure to ensue, for the old gentleman invariably punctuates the enjoyment of the evening by applauding the chorus or throwing the choicest bouquet at the feet of the *prima danseuse*. Then the storm commences, to be finished at home with lightning and tempest.

The mansion of this nascent society leader can be described by only one word, and that word is *hissary*, so perfectly incongruous and commingled are the different styles of architecture employed. Flemish gables, Queen Anne turrets and arabesque designs are mingled together in one heterogeneous mass. The interior of this establishment is not less *hissary* than the exterior. The dominating idea being show, everything succumbs to it.

The colors are loud and glaring, the paintings vulgar and commonplace. Dresden and Sevres china, Dutch delft and Italian majolica form a chaotic jumble, and give the salons the appearance of decorative art rooms rather than the abodes of private individuals. The equipage of this lady is in perfect harmony with the rest of the establishment. Its gay trappings and bright bouquets on coachmen and horses are recognized sensations on the avenue, to say nothing of the mistress of this conspicuous turn-out who reclines in luxurious ease with her pug dog seated by her side, decorated with ribbons to match my lady's bonnet strings. The whole affair is unique to the last degree. The daughters content themselves with roller-skating or a "turn on the avenue," as the ladies only holds mamma and her pug. Madame La Mode says "fine feathers make fine birds," but Mrs. Grundy says it's not so, and *elle va comme la*. If society is treated well, however, it does not ask impertinent questions. If the *nouveaux riches* can cater to the tastes of those with more ancestry and less cash, the world must look on and cry "bravo bravissimo" at the performance. If the "money" of the former can purchase the "blue blood" of the latter, what's the odds? It isn't the first time that a birthright has been sold for a mess of pottage.

This Moloch of materialism invests his subjects with a certain amount of *nonchalance* (French for cheek), which they wear like a loose garment under which is concealed everything. What difference does it make if the "governor" insists upon applauding the ballet and chorus, or presenting his bouquet in person to the *prima danseuse*? It is only "eccentricity," and the parvenus praise him for his independent and philosophical can be very optimistic when it suits his convenience, and there is nothing that conceals the irregularities of a family tree so well as a bulky bank account.

Good for a Beginner.

Last Fall E. S. Strait, a young merchant of Troy, arranged with the proprietor of Rand's Opera House to book whatever he could for that theatre. Mr. Strait did not undertake to accomplish wonders in a single season. He had much to contend with, but he persevered in his efforts to secure the best attractions, and can now point to an enviable record for a novice in management. Mr. Strait is in town for a few days, and in speaking to a MIRROR reporter of his season in Troy he said:

"So far as the standard of attractions goes, my season has been very successful. I found that managers of leading attractions were avoiding Troy, and this was a great obstacle. However, I partly surmounted it. I have worked this season more for reputation than for profit, and have now secured the confidence of the theatre-goers of Troy. Thus far this season I have presented Young Mrs. Winthrop, J. K. Emmet, The Rajah, Lester and Allen's Minstrels, Stetson's Mikado company (three visits), Sol Smith Russell, Effie Ellsler, Fred. Bryton, Fred. Ward, Kate Claxton's company and Frank Mayo. I have also secured Margaret Mather, and have made return dates with some of the attractions mentioned. I have already booked many leading companies for next season. John Stetson was so well pleased with my work for The Mikado that he telegraphed a present of fifty dollars. By the way, when certain office leases expire, Mr. Rand will make extensive improvements at the Opera House. Among others, the auditorium will be lowered, thus increasing the height of the stage."

Professional Doings.

—Charles H. Smith, of Uncle Tom fame, is in the city.

—Florence Jordan, balladist, is open for engagements.

—Charles Mitchell has left McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels.

—Adah Richmond is playing in the burlesque Aladdin in New Orleans.

—The Hoop of Gold will open a Spring tour at New London, Ct., on April 26.

—The elder comedians in legitimate comedy are hardly holding their own this season.

—David Bidwell's stock company is expected to arrive in the city to-day from New Orleans.

—C. P. Bailey, a Pittsburg Boniface well known to the profession, died in that city on Sunday.

—W. H. Crompton, the well-known Uncle Bartlett of May Blossom, will be at liberty after June 1.

—Mary Anderson's second week in San Francisco shows no falling off in attendance or enthusiasm.

—James E. Fennessy, of Heuck's Theatre, Cincinnati, is expected to arrive in the city tomorrow (Friday).

—William Harris, of the Howard Atheneum, has just been presented with a \$300 watch and chain.

—David Belasco has been engaged as stage manager of the Engaged company which is to go out on April 26.

—Last night (Wednesday), at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the entire house was bought up by the insurance men.

—McKee Rankin and some of the members of his stock company are playing a short season in Los Angeles, Cal.

—It is time to give "Ole Joe" a rest. About three out of every five entertainments have it on the programme.

—Manager Hundley, of Huntsville, Ala., wants a good attraction for the first three days of the Fair, opening Oct. 15.

—Beth Somerville and Charles Tremaine are to join the Globe Dramatic company. Miss Somerville will be starred.

—Dr. Joseph Wade, who built the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, is dead. The speculation ruined him financially.

—Lester Wallace has decided to play *She Stoops to Conquer* on his month's tour following the close of the season at his house.

—Oliver Byron will present nothing but *The Inside Track* next season. The play is meeting with great success in New England.

—The best hotel for professionals in Saginaw, Mich., is the Taylor, which is only two blocks from the Tenthon Opera House.

—The youth representation of J. C. Duff's Mikado will be given at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, next Friday evening.

—Edwin H. Prior intends starring R. B. Mantell and Sara Jewett in *Fedora* through Canada, beginning the season on May 10.

—Saloon keeping on Union Square must be very profitable. One Boniface has just invested \$10,000 in Broadway railroad stock.

—Joseph Haworth, Mrs. Walcott and Louise Dillon will play *Ours Easter* week in Toronto, under the auspices of the Royal Grand Opera.

—H. A. Thomas and Sterling, the lithographers, move to their spacious new quarters at No. 7 East Nineteenth street in a few days.

—Lizzie Evans is the inaugural attraction of two new opera houses this week—the Gem, at Westfield, Mass., and the Dyer, at Olneyville, R. I.

—Mrs. Abby Nourse, widow of Dan Nourse, died in Boston last week. Her husband had preceded her to the grave but a short time before.

—Charles J. Gould, formerly with Harrigan and Hart, goes with Lester and Williams for a ten weeks tour of New England with a Parlor Match.

—In Chicago, on May 26, John A. Mackay will produce a new farcical comedy on the Confusion order which has been specially written for him.

—William E. Hines and Earle Remington have been released from a Barber's Scrape company in order to join Tony Pastor's travelling company.

—Alfred Thompson is at present busy on the book of a comic opera for which Solomon is writing the music. The period is laid in the time of Louis XVI.

—Charles A. Wing will shortly close a two years' business connection with M. B. Curtis, and will then be at liberty to engage for the Summer and for next season.

—William Foote is in legal difficulties with his partner, J. H. Goldthwaite, in the Madison Street Theatre, Chicago. Mr. Foote wants an accounting and a dissolution.

—A. M. Palmer has purchased the melodrama in four acts called *Jinx*, the Penman, through Charles Overton. The play has proved a great success in London.

—The Laboring Man, a play said to be presented under the auspices of the Knights of Labor, failed to make a success at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday night.

—Clara Louise Kellogg closed her Southern concert tour last week. To some extent Miss Kellogg was a disappointment to her audiences, the assisting artists often receiving more praise than herself.

—Emma Romeldi, late prima donna of the Milan Opera company, has brought suit against Henry Wolfsohn for \$3,000 back salary. Two months ago the company was left in Chicago in a stranded condition.

—From May 1 Heinrich Conried will cease to have any connection with the Casino, the stage department of the house then coming under the immediate supervision of Rudolph Aronson and Jesse Williams.

—A benefit will be tendered to Messrs. Harrison, Levy and Wiegand, attaches of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on Monday, April 26, by E. E. Rice. Evangeline will be given, besides a number of specialties.

—Ainsley Scott, at one time one of the best known minstrel singers and middle-men, is about to emerge from retirement, but not in his old vocation. He will appear in a monologue of songs and recitations.

—From present prospects the testimonial to Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, which takes place this (Thursday) afternoon at the Madison Square Theatre, will be marked by a crowded house, the tickets going off quite rapidly.

—Parker's Hazel Kivim company, which has been the Third Avenue Theatre on Broadway, will next season Mr. Parker produces the Surrey success, Bound to Success. B. Coley remains as business manager of the company.

—Barry and Fay are to play a two weeks' engagement at the Standard Theatre in New York. This will close John Stetson's management of the house, Hoyt's Tin Soldier company following on May 5.

—Grace Sherwood closes her season with Storm Beaten on May 1, and will then be at liberty to accept engagements for the Summer. Miss Sherwood's line is southerner and pianist. She has been very successful in Italy, Marvel in Storm-Beaten.

—Mlle. Florenza d'Arona's second Italian concert took place at Steiway Hall on Monday night. The house was large, and Mlle. d'Arona was received with special marks of favor. The programme included gems of Scotch and Irish song.

—Robert Fraser is filling time for his Long Branch Theatre. Ed. Thorne's Black Flag will be presented there to-morrow evening, and on April 27 the Templeton company will give the Mikado. During the Summer Mr. Fraser will give operatic entertainments twice a week.

—The Bijou Opera House will be closed Holy Week. On April 26 it will present the first production of William Gillette's new burlesque, Arcadia, with the same company that is presenting it at the Boston Theatre, the audience assuming the principal part.

—Byron, Oliver Byron has been making for the last three weeks with a very successful tour. He has continued to play everywhere, though at times it looked as if he would have to give up and come to New York for treatment. The branch is now moving away.

—J. E. Dickson, manager of the Boston Opera House, paid a flying visit to the city Tuesday. He reports that the play he is very successful. Before leaving the city he secured four weeks for his company in the Garden in October and one week at the Opera House.

—Work is being rapidly pushed on the new production of the Casino, which will open the first week in May. The new restaurant in the Casino is also being renovated. It is thought that fully half of the Casino will be situated on the ground floor. The new style will be different.

—The Casino, at Hudson Valley, has been newly fitted up, and is now open for amusement between Greenburgh and Troy, N. Y. Railroad company. The Casino and two great hotels, the Hudson Valley and the Hudson River, has been a success from the start.

—Proctor Trust played a benefit for the Brooklyn Grand Opera. The success of the first night was very encouraging. The new characters had been presented, and the company was well received. The audience was very large, and the receipts were very good.

—The success of Henry E. Dixey's company in New York (Thursday) has given previous to his departure for the city a summer crowded with friends and admirers. He has been very successful in his tour, and his company is now on its way to the city.

—The Elks Dramatic and Musical company will open a season in the city on April 26. It consists of the Elks Dramatic and Musical company, which will be starred by Charles W. C. Remondet, Harry Hines, Thompson, Edgar Dean, John H. H. F. Grinnell, Peggy, the Philadelphia girl, and a number of other artists.

—Rhea offered Sanford H. Cohen his company for next season. He has been very successful in his tour, and his company is now on its way to the city. He has been very successful in his tour, and his company is now on its way to the city.

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—Rhea offered Sanford H. Cohen his company for next season. He has been very successful in his tour, and his company is now on its way to the city. He has been very successful in his tour, and his company is now on its way to the city.

—The following is the roster of the Long Strike company, under the management of S. H. Cohen, and which opens at New Haven on April 10: J. C. Padgett, Rose Osborne, Katherine Everett, Kate Sullivan, Maurice Flynn, John W. Bankson, Fred. Julian, E. H. Theodor, John Challen, S. F. Husley, William Pennington, G. F. Huntley, Wallace White, Samuel Ryan, A. Paxton, J. A. Mellon and M. A. Farrar.

—After a benefit performance in Oswego, N. Y., on the evening of April 9, Charles Brooks's Opera company disbanded and returned to New York. This action was forced necessary through the company being crippled by the conduct of the treasurer, W. J. Donnelly, who decamped from Fulton with the funds. He also carried along a trunk belonging to one of the members. Mr. Brooks and the company desire to return thanks to Manager J. R. Pierce, of Oswego, for his kindness in their difficulty; also to all others who interested themselves in their behalf.

—The traveling contingent of the American Opera has returned to town. It started out some three months ago with a grand flourish. It was at first billed as the American Opera company, and the name was then changed to the Strakosch. In the South, in the earlier part of the tour, the performances were denounced as mere rehearsals, and the general inclination to be savage. Where the responsibility belonged no one seemed to know. However, the performances became better as the season advanced. Last week C. E. Donnelly telegraphed the manager to come back to return to New York. Up to the end of the season had been good, but the last few had been indifferent and predominant.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

[illegible]

WINKLES CO. LITTLE DUCHESNE: Leavenworth, Kas., 25, week.

WINKLES CO. WINTHROP CO.: Harrisburg, Pa., 13; Cumberland, Md., 10; Chambersburg, Pa., 17; Cambridge, Md., 19; Uniontown, Pa., 20; Conestoga, Pa., 21; Wheeling, W. Va., 23, 24; Beaver Falls, 26; Tyrone, Pa., 28; Lock Haven, 30; Milton, 30; Shamokin, 31; Lewisburg, 31; Wilkesbarre, 4; Scranton, 5; Altoona, 6; Erie, 7; Bethlehem, 8; Cincinnati, 26; Erie, Pa., Pittsburg, 3; 4, 5; Buffalo, 6, 7, 8; Albany, 10, week.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

ANDREWS' OPERA CO.: Cherokee, Ia., 16, 17; Lemars, 19, 20; Sioux City, 21, 22; Sioux Falls, 23, 24.

AMERICAN OPERA CO.: Boston, 19, week; Philadelphia, 26, week.

BARNETT AND MOULTON'S CO. A.: Bloomington, Ill., 12, week; Decatur, 10, week.

BARNETT AND MOULTON'S CO. B.: Lewistown, Me., 18, week; Bagdad, 10, week.

BOSTON OPERA CO.: Boston, 19, week.

BLIND BOON CONCERT CO.: Caldwell, Kas., 15, 16.

BELLE COLE CONCERT CO.: Mansfield, O., 17; Milwaukee, 23, 24.

CARTER'S MIKADO CO.: Jersey City, 18, indefinite.

CHICAGO OPERA CO.: Boston, 19, 20, 21; Newark, 22, 23, 24; Baltimore, 26, week.

CHICAGO OPERA CO.: Iowa City, Ia., 15; Cedar Rapids, 16, week.

CONCERTS ARTISTIQUE: Milwaukee, 12, week.

CORINNE HERMIERMAKES: Elmira, N. Y., 19, week.

DUFF'S MIKADO CO.: N. Y. City, 18, week; Brooklyn, 19, two weeks.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO.: Chicago, 19, week; Detroit, 26, week.

JUVENILE MIKADO CO.: Cleveland, 18, week; Philadelphia, 19, two weeks.

JULIA: New York City, 5, two weeks.

KIMBALL OPERA CO.: Washington, 12, week.

LITTLE TYCOON NO. 2: Philadelphia, 12, indefinite.

LITTLE TYCOON NO. 1: N. Y. City, 12, week.

MAPSON OPERA CO.: Los Angeles, Cal., 19, week.

MCCALL'S MIKADO CO.: Philadelphia, 5, three weeks.

MCCALL'S MIKADO CO.: Cincinnati, 12, week; Chicago, 19, week.

MEDDELSONSON QUINTETTES: Leavenworth, Kas., 15, week; Neb., 17; Lincoln, 19, York, 20; Grand Island, 21; Haskell, 22, week.

NORMAN OPERA CO.: Brooklyn, 12, week.

OUR OPERA LO.: St. Louis, 12, week.

RINEHART OPERA CO.: Jackson, O., 15, 16, 17; Waverly, 19, 20, 21, week.

SMITH'S BELGIUM CO.: New Orleans, 19, 20, 21.

STARK'S OPERA CO.: Flint, Mich., 13, week; Battle Creek, 10, week.

STETSON'S MIKADO CO. NO. 1: Toronto, Can., 12, week; Jersey City, 19, 20, 21.

STETSON'S MIKADO CO. NO. 2: Boston, 12, indefinite.

STRAKOSCH ENGLISH OPERA CO.: Des Moines, 16, 17; Kansas City, 19, 20, 21; St. Joseph, Mo., 26.

STRAUBURG'S IDEALS: Wilmington, Del., 12, week.

SMITH'S BELGIUM CO.: New Orleans, 19, 20, 21.

THOMPSON OPERA CO.: Portland, Ore., Feb. 23—indefinite.

TEMPLETON'S MIKADO CO.: Brooklyn, 12, week; Philadelphia, N. J., 26.

WILSON OPERA CO.: Washington, 12, week; Boston, 10, week.

VESCELIUS OPERA CO.: Kansas City, 12, 15; Wyandotte, 17, 17; Lawrence, 19, 20; Savannah, Mo., 21, 22; Creswell, 23, 24; Red Oak, 25, 27; Council Bluffs, Neb., 28, 29, Pittsburg, 31, May 17; Omaha City, 3, 4; Omaha, 5, 6.

MINSTREL COMPANIES.

BEACH AND BOWERS, Albert Lea, Minn., 19; Waseca, 20; Cambridge, 21; Rochester, 22; Fairbault, 23; Waterville, 24; Redwing, 26; Wabasha, 27; Lake City, 28; Hastings, 29; Hudson, Wis., 19.

CALIFORNIA: Memphis, 15, 16, 17.

CARPENTER'S: Wells, Minn., 15; Winnebago, 16; Jacksonville, 17.

GEORGIA: Birmingham, Ala., 13; Chattanooga, Tenn., 16, 17.

GEORGIA (McIntosh's): Brooklyn, E. D., 12, week.

H. HENRY: St. Louis, 19, 20, 21; Pittsburg, 22.

HAYWARD'S: Indianapolis, Tenn., Detroit, 29, 24.

KEARNS': Detroit, 12, week; Port Huron, 19; Flint, 20; Bay City, 21; East Saginaw, 22; Lansing, 23; Jackson, 24; Fort Wayne, Ind., 26, 27, 28.

LEWIS: St. Louis, 19, 20, 21; Pittsburg, 22, week.

MCINTYRE AND HEATH'S: Washington, 12, week; Norfolk, Va., 19, week.

MCNEIL, JOHNSON AND SLAVIN'S: Springfield, Ill., 19, 20; St. Louis, 21, 22; Evansville, Ind., 23.

T. P. W.: Baltimore, 12, week; Watertown, N. Y., 19, week; Chicago, 26, week.

WOOD-BEARLEY WESTON: Philadelphia, 12, week.

WHITMORE AND CLARK'S: Maynard, Mass., 15.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

ADAMSON EDEN CO.: Green Rapids, Mich., 16.

AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: N. Y. City, 12, week.

AMERICAN FOUR: Cleveland, 19, week.

ALICE: Ottawa, 19, week.

ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.: Montreal, 22, week; N. Y. City, 19, week; Brooklyn, 26, week.

DAVEN'S: New Orleans, 19, two weeks.

EDYER: St. Louis: N. Y. City, 19, week.

THE FEMININE: St. Louis, 19, week.

FANNY HEERING: Memphis, Tenn., 26, week; Tallahassee, Fla., 19, week; Chattanooga, Tenn., 26, week; Houston, Tex., May 3, week.

GEORGE: New York City: Brooklyn, 12, week; Newark, N. J., 19, week.

GUT HILL'S CO.: Buffalo, 12, week; Rochester, 26, week; Providence, 26, week.

HARRISON: St. Louis, 19, 20, 21; Boston, 22, week.

HYDE AND BREMAN'S CO.: Brooklyn, 12, week.

HARRISON'S TOURNETTE: Vergennes, Vt., 13; Rutland, 17.

HALLER AND BART: N. Y. City, 22, two weeks.

THE COMEDY BURLESQUE CO.: Baltimore, 19, week; Philadelphia, 19, week; Pittsburg, Pa., 27; Wilkesbarre, 28.

KENNELL'S CO.: Fort Wayne, 19, week; Philadelphia, 26, week.

LENNIE BLOK: Johnstown, Pa., 19, week.

LIDA GARDNER'S CO.: San Francisco, 5, eight weeks.

MAY ADAMS: New Haven, 19, week; Providence, 10, week; Boston, 26, week; N. Y. City, May 3, week.

NEEDHAM AND KELLY'S COMEDY: Philadelphia, 12, week; New Haven, Ct., 19, week; Troy, N. Y., 26, week.

PAT ROONEY: Harlem, 12, week.

RAITE-SANTLEY CO.: Rochester, 12, week; Troy, 19, week; Montreal, 26, week.

REILLY AND WOOD'S CO.: Cleveland, 19, week; Cincinnati, 19, week; Louisville, 26, week; St. Louis, May 3, week; Chicago, 19, two weeks.

SILVER: Grand Rapids, Mich., 12, week; Detroit, 10, week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARIZONA JOE: Baltimore, 26, week.

BRISTOL'S EQUUSCULUM: Bethlehem, Pa., 28, week; Baltimore, 19, four weeks.

MRS. TOM THUMB: Brooklyn, 2, two weeks.

PROFESSOR COCKER'S EQUUSCULUM: Chatham, O., 2, 3, week; Lancaster, 10, 21; Ansonville, Va., 23, 24; Stauntonville, 26, week; Wheeling, W. Va., May 3, week.

TORY DENIER: Atchison, Kas., 25; Topeka, 26; Burlington, 29; Oange City, 30; Emporia, 31; Cottonwood, 31; Jackson, 31; Jackson, 31; Elmdale, 37; Douglas, 38; Kingman, 39; Wichita, 30, May 1.

CIRCUSES.

BARNUM'S: N. Y. City, 5, three weeks; Philadelphia, 26, week.

DOUG'S: Indianapolis, 26, 27, 28; Marion, O., 29, week.

FRANK ROBINSON: Philadelphia, 12, week.

FRANK ROBINSON: Sanford, Del., 22, two weeks.

GREGORY AND MERRITT'S: Detroit, May 1, week.

HOLLAND AND MCMAHON'S: Chicago, May 1, week.

MILLER, ORRY AND FREEMAN'S: Columbus, O., May 1, week.

NEW UNITED: Columbus, O., May 3, week.

O'BRIEN'S: Philadelphia, 12, week.

ORIN BROS.: City of Mexico, April 12—indefinite.

PULMAN: St. Louis, 12, week.

SELLS BROTHERS: Columbus, O., 21, 22.

SHIELDS: St. Louis, 12, 13, three weeks; Chicago, May 1—indefinite.

Driftwood.

A. O. Babel, the Cowboy Pianist: The newspapers have criticised me rather severely, but I have replied to none of their arguments. I have never to make solemn affidavit that I am still unable to receive a single lesson in musical instruction. My father died when I was eleven years old. My mother remarried, and the day after I made my New York debut I received word of my stepfather's death. He knew nothing of music. I am of mixed nationalities. My mother is still living, cared for by her children. My father left a farm and a cattle ranch. I have worked hard in various pursuits—minding cattle, hauling timber, and working in cotton-gins. I know the press is prejudiced and I respect it. Lots of my Texan neighbors write me encouraging letters. They know my history, and know that I am a poor boy. I have eleven engagements this month, and expect a tempting

offer to go to California. I have not accepted this offer, for I mean to stay here and fight down prejudice. If I hear a place played three times, I play it the fourth almost letter perfect. I fall thus far short of a miracle. I recognize the power of the press, but I believe it makes a mistake in its estimate of my ability. I will some day convince it. I do not grumble, but simply want fair play.

* * *

Mr. John Hoge, manager of Schultz's Zanesville (O.) Opera House, is in town. Mr. Hoge is the junior of the firm of Schultz and Co., the well-known Western soap manufacturers. Some years ago this firm built a magnificent opera house in Zanesville—built it through pride in the town and for various other reasons—and it was opened with a grand and fashionable hurrah by Emma Abbott and her opera company. This was perfectly proper, it being an "opera house." A *Mirror* reporter, while beating about the skirts of the Square, the other day, espied the flowing blond moustache of Mr. John Hoge. After the usual salutations, Mr. Hoge said that he had a little story to tell. "You remember," said he, "that we issued, as an advertisement of our goods, a fine panel picture, half life-size of a young woman standing in a field of tropical growth. The figure was a back view. The arms hung upon an unopened sun umbrella that lay across the shoulders, and the face looked over the right shoulder. We distributed 100,000 of these pictures as an advertisement, and they are still in demand. Half-a-dozen full length female figures were sent us from New York, and this one was selected. But we did not know the name of the lady, never thinking to inquire, and supposing it was an ideal picture. Last Fall Tony Hart and his company appeared at our house, and he and his wife recognized the picture as an amplified duplicate of a cabinet photograph of Alma Stuart Stanley. Being now on a business visit to New York, I felt a little curiosity to see the lady upon whom our firm had expended from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. I saw her in Peppita at the Union Square Theatre the other night. Should I ever meet her I will tell her the story with as little soft-soap as possible."

* * *

Unfortunately, it will often happen during a season that an actor or actress, or other professional, will receive sad news of domestic affliction during a performance. The maternal heart may be wrung by the death of a child; the hand of death may be laid upon an aged father or mother while the son or daughter may be entertaining an audience in some distant city; a telegraphic summons to the death-bed of one who is near and dear will break in upon the merriment of the night and bow in grief a player who has but quitted the stage amid enthusiastic plaudits. It is wonderful how actors bear up under these sudden griefs. Rarely is an audience dislensed when we falls upon a member of a company between acts. After the first shock a fortitude seizes upon the player, and he or she goes through the part as though—to the audience—nothing had happened; and the next day's paper will say that Mr. —, or Miss —, "never appeared to better advantage." Stories without number have been written about these real tragedies of the stage; romances have been woven about them; painters have illuminated the canvas in depicting the sad incidents "behind the scenes"—but none can tell half the truth. But yesterday an actress received word of the death of a daughter who was being educated in a convent school in a far-away land. The part that the actress played was a convulsively comic Irish-woman in a farce-comedy. After the first agony of her grief had passed, the maternal instinct was blunted, and the actress played the part in an "admirable manner," according to the next day's papers. When the last curtain fell the fall torrent of her grief broke forth. Within the last week a promising singer in this city was getting up a series of concerts. In the midst of her work the cable brought the sad news of the death of her mother. "For a moment the grief of the woman asserted itself, and then came the heroism of the artiste. The torrent of her tears suddenly dried up, and she resumed her work in a dazed sort of way, but nevertheless earnestly, and to the casual observer there was no sign of her bereavement. Let it not be inferred that professional people are callous. By no means; their duty to the public steals their hearts for the moment. The aftermath comes, and it is terrible.

* * *

Saturday Review: In China, where everything is old, the stage is one of the oldest and most popular of institutions. It is recognized as a moral agency, and it is kept from backsliding by edicts the most rigorous in intention, the most respectable in quality; its drama fills some thousands of volumes; it has its laws, its conventions, its traditions, its genres, its types, for all the world like the great theatre of the West. As in Japan to-day, as in the Seventeenth century France and Jacobean England, its servants are costars and celebrities at once. It is the thing for high-toned mandarins and persons of consideration to have playhouses of their own, and to treat their guests to after-dinner performances by companies specially engaged; while as for strollers playing for the million, the Flowery Land man fairly be said to teach them. It costs little or nothing to manage a travelling theatre. Given a few trestles, a few boards, bamboo for columns, mats for thatching a painted cloth or two for wings and background, and many benches as your space will hold, and to the wayside or in a corner of the city square the house can be run up in a couple of hours. The denizens of the quarter subscribe, the local mandarin assists, and straightway the theatre is in full working order. Costume, scenery, appointments—to all these luxuries the Chinese are profoundly indifferent. He asks no more than a good play and a handsome actors; that much is enough for him.

* * *

The reporters of the daily press make strange blunders in writing up their romances of the stage, melancholy or otherwise. On day last week the *Sun* led its first page with the sad story of the death of Maude Stuart, and incidentally referred to the fate of Maude Stewart. Leading stories in the *Sun* possess the merit over nearly all the other dailies in being well written and almost scrupulously correct, and it is therefore to be all the more regretted when a blunder occurs in its pages—a blunder that casts an unpleasant reflection upon the memory of Maude Stewart, who died in the arms of the Sister-nurses of St. Vincent's Hospital last May. Miss Stewart was an Englishwoman of refinement. The *Sun* stated that she was burned to death with

smoking a cigarette in bed. Some time last year an actress, who was little known, did meet her death in this way. Last May Secretary Baker, of the Actors' Fund, was informed that an actress was lying seriously ill and uncared for in a room in Clinton place. He hastened to her bedside, and found her suffering from consumption—in the last stages. The only person who appeared to be taking the slightest interest in her was a kind-hearted physician, who was treating her free of charge. At last, finding his patient without the commonest necessities of the sick-room, and literally starving, he sought Mr. Baker, whom he should have seen long before. The dying woman was at once removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where she was given the tenderest care until the end, which came a few days later. An account of the case appeared in *The Mirror*, and then the daily press got hold of the names of Maude Stuart and Maude Stewart, led to a case of mistaken identity. This was further involved by the striking likeness of the women bore to each other. Friends of Maude Stuart called at the undertaker's, who left flowers for, or laid them upon, the coffin. A few who viewed the remains came away still deceived. At this time Maude Stuart was with her family in either Indianapolis or Kansas City. She communicated with friends in the East and made known that she was still living. The case of Maude Stewart is a striking example of the good work done by the Actors' Fund. But for its care a woman of gentle birth, intelligence and refinement would have died in a charity hospital, and the remains would have been borne to Potter Field or to the dissecting-table.

London Truth: The sketch of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera has now been delivered, and directly Sir Arthur has finished his Leeds Festival cantata he will begin the search for the successor to The Mikado, which is expected at the Savoy toward the last week of September. It would, of course, not be fair to disclose too much of Mr. Gilbert's plot. As I learn that its central idea is a skit upon English commercial enterprise and humbug as exemplified by the pretended British notion of annexing new territory, which, however, we manage to acquire at the rate of a thousand square miles, more or less, per annum. The scene of the opera, a little bird whispers to me, is laid in Egypt in the present day. The heroine is a descendant of an ancient Egyptian princess, possibly the Pharaoh's daughter who tended Moses. History repeats itself in cycles of years, and another Moses in Egypt—typified by the bondholders who are at the back of the British occupation—has arisen to plague the modern Pharaoh Pacha. The Princess resolves to act up to the spirit of her high ancestry, and Gilbertian fan will, I am assured, include whimsical contrasts between the costumes, manners and customs of ancient Egypt and of the down-trodden country of today. Nearly all the details remain yet to be settled, but Mr. Gilbert, I hear, sent last week to the United States portions of his book. In order that an American collaborator may write in anonymous scraps of the dialogue, as, thus, it is hoped, effectually secure the valuable transatlantic rights.

Walking one day in Bourne street, near the theatre, I saw a distinguished tragedian, who at that time was paralyzing the Antipodes with his clever readings in Shakespeare, and especially in Hamlet, the writer encountered a critic, whose caustic wit had been often exercised in scorching the flaccid eccentricities of the actor, and who asked the poet-dramatic editor of a penny paper called *The Herald*. Thus encountering, the tragedian plucked his wings like Lucifer meeting Arius and flourishing a copy of the *Argus*, a three penny sheet very friendly to the actor in question, he cried triumphantly: "What need I fear for your penny dreadful, when the leading journal praises me thus"—writings the last literary passage with his digit. "Ah, yes; veritas, morsed the other. 'Twangence and up goes the donkey," alluding to the well-known fact practised at English fairs of lancing a donkey on a ladder elevated on a man's chin.

Walter Montgomery, who was universally admitted to be a perfect elocutionist, once gave a series of readings in a San Francisco theatre. Seated in front were a leading journalist of the city, a literary friend and a Jew from the Sage-brush country, long, lank and languid. After the first act this last lumina got up to stimulate his faculties. As he passed the journalist said: "Well, Judge, how do you like him?" "Well," drawled the Jew, "Wall, he's pretty middle' good. I guess he sings his talk about pretty slick; but for you allow he's got a goldurned provincial accent with him."

Dramatic Review: I think we should be exceptionally careful in commenting (if we comment) upon the social aspect of that most unique community which has acquired the name of the Dramatic Profession. It is not definite profession into which aspirants regularly graduate, at last attaining some distinct qualification of membership. It comprehends a variety of elements. It includes among its numbers some great and true artists, some men and women whose birth and education are presumably the guarantee of high refinement, and some individuals who, by their personal attractions, their generosity and goodness of heart, have won a popularity which may possibly live when many traditions of the stage as it exists to-day are lost and forgotten. These are the luminaries of the profession. For the most part it consists of lesser stars, actors and actresses who form a numerous and reputable class, whose way of life is by no means so pleasant as is commonly supposed, and who have at least one great merit, that they work hard for the public, and, by genuine talent of its kind, add a good deal to the pleasure of life—for which they are very inadequately remunerated. But the stage has its shadow side. Like other communities, it is not without its black sheep; and then its limits are very indefinite; the boundary line of its circle is wavering and doubtful one, half embracing half excluding many professions and professions of a semi-dramatic type, a crowd of downy individuals who hover on the outskirts of the profession, who in one sense are not of the stage, but in another are so it.

A young woman—one of the *haut ton*—tripping from Fourteenth street toward the Academy on Saturday afternoon, clad in a walking suit, with a box of "buttercups" in her hand and a bunch of tulips pinned to her waist, "Whither to day?" inquired a male friend.

[illegible]

Harassing the Pirates.

"I'm kept pretty busy in prosecuting pirates and preventing them playing the Madison Square Theatre repertoire all through the country," said A. M. Palmer. "What do you think of a man who has the impudence to send to me asking whether he could play Hazel Kirke, when his letter-heads bear the names of the Madison Square company, the Lyceum Theatre company and the Comedy company. That man's name is Wilber, and I have had occasion to stop him several times of late."

"Not long since I heard that a company calling itself Chase and Howe's Madison Square company were about to appear at Quincy, Ill., in one of our plays. Telegrams were sent at once to the manager of the opera house, notifying him that I would prosecute him if he allowed the company to play there. The pirates transferred their operations to Centerville, Ia. Another company was about to play The Private Secretary in Topeka, Kas., recently, when L. M. Crawford, manager of opera houses there and in Atchison, stopped them. The Newell and Fielding Madison Square company was the name of the organization, but I believe this man Wilber was really its manager."

"Corydon F. Craig, of Kansas City, informed me of this Wilber being about to play some of our pieces there, and as papers were served on M. H. Hudson, the manager of the music hall in which they were given, and not obeyed, the probabilities are that there will be a suit over it. A week or so ago we were informed that Wilber was about to play 'Emeralds, Hazel Kirke and other pieces in Detroit. We wired C. J. Whitney not to allow the company to appear in his house, and he telegraphed to Wilber, who was then in Jackson. Wilber's answer was that he had not known what the company were to play, but that he would not give the plays mentioned. And that's the way we've got to keep on following these people, although the plays, by reason of the frightful bad presentations they must have given of them, must undoubtedly long since have lost their power of attraction. One of the boldest things I have ever seen in the distribution of this latter-day right here in the city announcing that the Boston Museum company will give the following repertoire: Only a Woman's Heart, Divorce, Diamond Necklace, Hazel Kirke, Kathleen Mavourneen and East Lynne."

Amateur Notes.

One of the most enjoyable amateur performances of the season was given by the Bulwer at the University Club Theatre last Friday evening. The balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet opened the programme, Roberto Deshon making a manly and vigorous lover, while Miss E. Peters as Juliet declaimed her lines with most natural grace and unstudied action, although at times her elocution was not all that could be desired. Agnes Herndon recited "Ode to a Rose" to good effect, giving for an encore the quartet scene in The School for Scandal. Liberal applause greeted both efforts. In Brown's Our Boys, which lacked somewhat the life and action necessary to draw forth all its latent points, the honors were about equally divided between E. L. Taber, Thomas Platt, Lillian de Vere and Laura Johnson. Miss de Vere looked charming and acted gracefully, while the sprightly Mary Johnson of Miss Johnson set off her haughty characterization to good advantage. As Sir Geoffrey Champneys, Benj. J. Kelley lacked one of manner, his great height detracting from his efforts at being as imposing as the requirements of the part necessitated. Charles Trier as Talbot Champneys pleased the audience, although the impersonation could not very well bear critical analysis. Mr. Trier's ability lying more in the line of eccentric than comedy parts. Mrs. Julia Goldsaler as Clara Champneys gave a clear cut, pleasant impersonation of a kind hearted aunt, while the Belinda of Miss Peters deserved much more applause than it received. The Perkins Middlewick of E. L. Taber was well acted in the main, although at times the young man lapsed into a forgetfulness of his part that was not particularly pleasing. Raphael Trier did well in the small role of Kempster. The scenery was the same as always used at the University while the costumes were mainly good. A reception followed.

On Friday, May 7, the Brooklyn Dramatic Society will produce Hazel Kirke at the Athenaeum with a cast including Lillian Wallace in the title role, the Misses Caldwell, Macdowell, Henley and Waldron, and the Messrs. Mullin, Dyer, Medicus, Byrne, O'Grady, Melloy, Collins, Walsh, Furey, McLaughlin and O'Hanlon.

Tillson's, a one-act play, adapted from the French by Miss Marbury, was produced before a large house at the University Club Theatre on last Saturday evening. The cast included Miss Wilton, Sarah Cowell and Walden Ramsey. It was well acted throughout and shows that the authors are capable of good work. Miss Cowell also read numerous selections. Donald Graham rendered several vocal numbers, and May Callender sang.

The Lancashire Lass was presented by the Kemble at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, before a crowded house. S. J. Davis superintended the production of the play, while Mrs. Davis was a most able impersonator of the leading role of Kate Garston. Julia Reed and Miss Kerr were also received with favor, the male members sustaining the reputation of the society for good acting most creditably.

May Blossom was presented last evening by the Amaranth at the Academy of Music with the following cast: May Blossom, Miss Woodruff; Steve, J. C. Costello; Tom Blossom, Mr. Barrett; Owen Hathaway, Mr. Hill; Uncle Bartlett, Percy Williams; Aunt Deborah, Mrs. Williams; Milly, Mrs. Fellows; Little May, Bijon Fernandez.

The Phoenix Lyceum will present David Garrick and My Neighbor's Wife on April 30. Among those participating will be Marie Doyle, Sarah Golden, Louise Carleton, Mary E. Hayes and Mary McCullough.

The annual election of officers of the League of Amateur Societies has resulted as follows: President, T. J. Burton; Vice-President, Captain J. Gordon Emmons; Secretary, H. James Anderson; Treasurer, J. Ridgway Tiers, and Stage Director, Dr. R. H. L. Waters.

It is stated that a number of society ladies are getting up a musical and dramatic entertainment to take place in May in aid of the Methodist Episcopal Fund.

The closing entertainment of the Arlington House on Wednesday, April 28.

The reception of the Philokalia at the residence of Mr. Rothschild, No. 31 West Fifty-seventh street, last Thursday evening, proved most enjoyable, the programme including a fine selection of musical numbers and recitations. Among those who assisted were Leonora Alexander, Fannie Hirsch, the well-known mezzo-soprano; Edith Wendell, Mrs. Steward, S. Frank, the violinist; Rev. M. H. Harris, M. W. Benjamin, Paul Clech, Miss M. Seligmann and Miss A. V. Stollorand.

A representation of the Russian Honeymoon is to be given in Ithaca during commencement week in June. Mrs. James Brown Potter will take the part of Polska, while the other characters will be placed in the hands of Horace White, Mr. Hayes, Mrs. Hiram Corson and others.

Special scenery is being painted for the representation of Withered Leaves, to be given by the Amateur Comedy Club on April 27. This will be the closing entertainment of the Club, and rehearsals are now in progress.

The Booth, of Brooklyn, will produce Camille shortly, the cast including Messrs. O'Neill and Hayden. This society publishes a little paper every month, entitled The Echo. F. H. Bristow is the editor.

The Arcadian, of Brooklyn, has merged itself with the Melpomene.

On next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the Hasty Pudding Club will give their annual dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the Harvard Boat Club, at the University Club Theatre. Pantomina will be the piece produced.

The Amateur Comedy Club was entertained by Dr. J. H. Swanev at his residence, No. 34 East Twenty-eighth street, last Friday evening.

The Arlington League presents Engaged on April 28 at the Lexington Avenue Opera House for the closing performance of its season.

The Ladies' Orchestral Society is to give its first performance in May, and among those who will appear are Miss Torrance, Miss Sloane, Ella Smith, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Pillsbury, Miss Jewett, the Misses Hewitt, Margaret Johnston, Miss Arnold, Miss Parker, Miss Witherspoon and Lizzie Remsen.

At the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, on Easter Monday, The Banker's Daughter is to be presented for the benefit of Julia Reid, the rising young amateur.

It is among the probabilities that a performance of The Jacobite will be given at Wallack's Theatre some time this month for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, with Mr. Bedlow in the part of John Dack.

A benefit is to be tendered to the Johnson Sisters—Fannie and Ma tie—at the University Club Theatre, about the beginning of May. The Palot-Box, an original farcical comedy in which the two children have been quite a success during the winter, will be given.

The Greenwich has postponed the production of Nell Gwynne until next season, owing to insufficient time for rehearsals.

Grace Sherwood in Storm-Beaten.

—And Miss Grace Sherwood as Sally Marvel deserves commendation for good acting.—N. Y. Daily News, Sept. 1, 1885.

—Grace Sherwood also made much of Sally Marvel that was pleasing and piquant.—Manchester paper, Oct. 28, 1885.

—And Grace Sherwood as Sally was excellent.—Spartanburgh Reporter, Nov. 12, 1885.

—And Miss Grace Sherwood as Sally Marvel are each entitled to praise for their fine impersonations.—Press and Recorder, Albany, Nov. 20, 1885.

—And Miss Grace Sherwood as Sally Marvel kept the audience in a roar while they were on the stage.—Evening Wisconsin Milwaukee, Jan. 5.

—Miss Grace Sherwood did some graceful dancing and pleasant comedy work.—Scraper on Truth, March 12, 1886.

—Cyn.

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STAGE STORIES.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

"Oh, Ben, don't go out to-night!"

"Why not?"

"Because poor Charley is sick. You know how serious the doctor was this afternoon when he visited him, and when he was going away he pressed my hand so kindly and looked into my face as if he wanted to say something."

"Well?"

"But he turned away without a word when he saw you coming up the kitchen stairs."

"What was he afraid of? Am I so terrible?"

"I don't think he's afraid of anyone. He is a kind and brave man. Do you know, Ben, I thought I saw a tear in his eye as he looked at me."

"Why, Mary, you're crazy! Chaps like the doctor don't go about blubbering. They leave that for the women-folk. I tell you Charley is much better. I saw it when I came in. He's all right, Polly. He'll be running about as spry as ever in a day or two, I tell you."

"But you'll not go out to-night, will you, Ben?"

"I must. I promised Jack Hawkes to take that play he's been bothering about. I don't like to break my word. I told him I'd be there to-night."

"Where?"

"At the 'Shades.'"

"Oh, Ben, don't go there."

"What's the matter now? What have you got into your head about the 'Shades'? It's a quiet place enough, and Chappel, who keeps it, is a decent fellow. I know him."

"You do indeed. You know him too well, Ben."

"What do you mean by that, Mary? Do you dare to say that I'm not to be trusted to go to a respectable place to meet a brother actor? Upon my word you try a man a little too much. Am I not to be trusted?"

"Well, then—No. You are not! You know that I speak the truth!"

As Mary Darleton uttered the last words she raised her head and gazed fearfully into her husband's face. She was a little woman, but roamed as she was by his last question, she appeared to tower over him, and he a man above the average stature. He seemed to acknowledge the momentary supremacy of his wife, for his eyes did not meet hers and his lips did not pronounce the angry response which arose intuitively in his mind to utter. He turned his glance away from Mary and muttered a few grumbling words about being "talked to in that way," and that "he would be master in his own house," but he sat down in the chair and did not offer to take up his hat, which was upon the table close at hand. She, seeing him thus abashed, had no longer reproach in her voice or anger in her heart. She also sat down and, passing her hand across her eyes, silently brushed away the tears that had arisen there.

"Oh, Ben, forgive me!" she said at last.

"I did not mean to be rude, if you only knew how anxious and worried I feel, you'd not be angry with me for a moment. All day long I have tried hard to control my feelings; but it has been a dreadful day for me. I seem to feel that our dear Charley will not be long with us. He is quiet now, very quiet, but he speaks so faintly and his talk is so strange that I am almost afraid to listen to him. Do you know what he said?"

"No, Mary; what was it?"

As he spoke the big burly man rose from his chair, and, approaching his wife, leaned over her and gently, very gently, smoothed her hair. "What was it?" he repeated.

His wife clasped the large hand that had been laid upon her head and patted it between her own.

"He asked me, Ben, why the river he saw so constantly in his dreams was like shining gold; and why, as it rolled past him, it sounded like soft music. He said it made him fancy that he was in another country, where he had never been before, but which did not seem at all strange to him. What an odd fancy, was it not?"

At least a minute elapsed before her husband spoke. He had softly withdrawn his hand from hers, and had rested his head upon it, as if it had suddenly grown weary. Perhaps it had.

When he did speak it was not so much in answer to the question that was asked as it was an expression of the thought which the question had evoked.

"It seems odd, Mary, that the child should talk in that way. Is he a little out of his mind? The medicine may have made him light-headed. It often does, you know?"

"I thought of that when he began to speak; but no, Ben, his mind was quite clear. He told it to me as if he was repeating a dream. And yet he had not been asleep. I had watched him, and although his eyes were shut, I knew he had not been sleeping."

Ben, in response to his wife, merely said: "Poor lad!"

But these two words were uttered with such a weariness of voice—with such a sudden change from his former loud and hilarious manner—that it made Mary look up in amazement at her husband's face. He turned it from her, as if afraid that she should see it, and, as he did so, a spasm shook his frame.

For several moments neither husband nor wife moved from the position they had assumed, and they did so only when a little voice, sounding like a tiny silver bell, called from the inner room for "Mamma!" With a suppressed cry of grief, Mary darted from the chair and ran into the next apartment. Ben Darleton also arose from his chair, crossed to the fire place, took down from the mantel his pipe, filled and lighted it, and then sat down in front of the hearth and gazed earnestly into the glowing coals. He saw strange things there, and they must have presented many startling pictures, if he reviewed in them the events of his past life.

That glowing mass of fire which changed as often and as rapidly as the embers fell and new fuel took their places must have pictured to him, in a quickly-changing fashion, all to which his own thoughts gave locality, life and motion. There was his father's house. The road to it wound round that dark cinder (the grove of elms facing the farm), and there, up in the corner, he could imagine he saw the window of his own room when he was a child. From it he looked out upon the sun rising, just before his mother's morning summons called him from his pillow to the business of the day. A child's business!

Yes! That was right! Children are busy—always busy, and he, too, had been a busy child. His school, his play, his comrades—

The cinder fell into the glowing body of the fire, and for a moment all looked black and funeral. Was that his mother's open grave?

He remembered it as he stood, holding his father's hand, gazing down into the dreadful void. He could never forget that day or the many sad days that followed; the deadlike silence of the house so long after it; the every morning waiting for that summons from his mother to arise—the summons which never came again. Ah, it was a sad thought!

The cinder had become red. Another little fiery cataract had changed the mass into a brilliantly lighted ball. That was where he spent his days as a young man "seeing life." It shone and sparkled and spluttered and blazed up fitfully, sometimes quite dazzling in its brilliance.

How long a time did he waste there? Was it months? No! It was years. In the flashing of a thought all had come back to him. His wasted energies, his mad wildness, his unthinking, reckless gaiety. What had they brought him—what had they left behind them? Another kaleidoscopic change in the embers answered his unspoken question. What had been bright was now dull; what had been brilliant was sad, and there was but little light anywhere.

Yes! One tiny spark still scintillated in the extreme distance, amid the sombre mass. It was like a Star of Hope—but so small, so feebly bright. He hoped it would not flicker and then die out. What could he do to keep it alive? Fan it into brightness? No! That might for ever extinguish it, so feeble did it seem.

Now he looked again, he seemed suddenly to remember his first meeting with Mary—his Mary. Yes! She was that Star of Hope. When he met her first he had almost outlived himself, for in the heyday of his youth he had been wildly riotous and had almost darkened the whole of his once promising life, as that dimly burning fire before him was darkened. Then he fell to thinking of her. He remembered how all around him had suddenly become bright and hopeful after the time of meeting her. He had lost his little fortune, left by his father, who had died not long after his mother, and he had little else, except a strong constitution to begin life with—as an actor—he only career then open to him. But his Mary had made light his path to duty. Then he married her and all before him became bright and joyful.

What was that? Another change in that wonderful fire before him. Was it that which suggested the thought that crowded his brain, or did the thoughts find illustration in that ever-changing spot before him?

It was marvellous.

As he thought of his wife and of all the troubles that they had together met so cheerfully, and conquered so bravely, that restless little mass of fuel answered by tumbling once more, all into a heap of brightness, glowing brilliant and cheerful. Yet it owed it all to that one little spark which could be seen in the very centre shining like a veritable diamond and darting luminous rays even upon its ruddy surroundings. All that was Mary's life when she trusted it into his keeping. Love, truth and gentleness should surround her as long as they marched side by side along the path of life. He remembered taking upon himself that resolution as clearly as he now saw the image of brightness before him. Her life, as far as he could make it, should be one of happiness and light. He was big enough and strong enough to keep all harm away from her. He had but to stand before her and his burly manly form would do—along with his patient, fatiguing work. But it was for her, and so he remembered as he did it, and she was happy.

Even as these thoughts darted across his mind, bringing that past back again, the ever-changing embers had undergone another change. They had slowly but gradually been shadowed over. Their ruddiness had for a time vanished, and they scarcely showed a trace of their former brightness. Not all dark, however, for another tiny spark had sprung into vivid life—a very tiny white flame—like a sinless soul. Of course that was their child, little Charley. He had come into their life at a time when it was shadowed by the wings of Death, which smote Mary's kindred. That accounted for the sad quenching of the hitherto sparkling picture in which this sweet, white spark shone resplendent.

Even as he pondered on this, the whole coal landscape brightened again and seemed to give promise of again becoming as ruddy as heart of man could wish. Yes, it was surely all right now. Oh, he thought of how she had come out of her grief and her bodily pain and with a babe lying laughing in her arms and patting her cheeks with his chubby hands. He remembered how he took that baby up in his great arms. He was afraid he might crush it—it was so small, he was so large. But no; he did not dent it or bruise it, but handled it as gently, so Mary said, as any woman could handle a child. That new life joined to their two lives would ensure them endless joy.

While these thoughts traversed his brain, the fitful flames of the fire suddenly seemed to die out and the grate looked black and void.

Not void, for in the darkness he seemed to see strange monsters winding among the darkened cinders—hideous creatures of slimy aspect that went to and fro and coiled and twisted themselves into gnarled shapes; always moving, always changing. Then the thoughts of the man grew heavy and sad, and still they whipped him as he might be whipped with rods, and they made him wince and almost cry aloud in his agony. That dark spot before him recalled the darkest part of his life, when even Mary's voice and her gentle touch were powerless to control him. How long it had lasted he knew not, or, rather, he did not care to recall. It may have been months—more likely it was years; but it was a living death to her, and it was a moral death to him. He had been a drunken, besotted wretch for that whole time, with no thought of her, no heed for himself, except to gratify his selfish vices. Ah, well might all life and brightness die out of that fire, if it rightly pictured him at that time. "At that time," he repeated the thought and asked himself with a thrill of horror, whether that time was not still upon him—whether he had yet come out of that blackness of selfish vice. He did not answer his own thought, but sat moodily looking into the darkened grate and seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the very heart of his own misery.

How long he sat thus he knew not. He started and saw a gentle, soft and rosy glow gradually spreading itself over the whole of what had hitherto seemed but lifeless embers. It spread so softly, but so steadily, that he could not turn his eyes from it, but sat entranced, and as it spread, the heavy thoughts seemed to be lifted from his brain and all the horror of them to be vanishing just as that brightness increased. He watched it intently as it spread before his eyes.

Then, when the tiny flames had made every thing near them, and beyond them, rosy and brilliant, he heard Mary's voice:

"Ben, thank God! Charley is better! As his wife ran joyfully into the room with those words upon her lips, he clasped her in his strong arms, and, as her head fell upon his shoulders while she shed tears of joy, he burst into a fit of weeping which he neither strove to hide nor attempted to check. And the fire fairly danced into joyous, luminous brightness. J. S.

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